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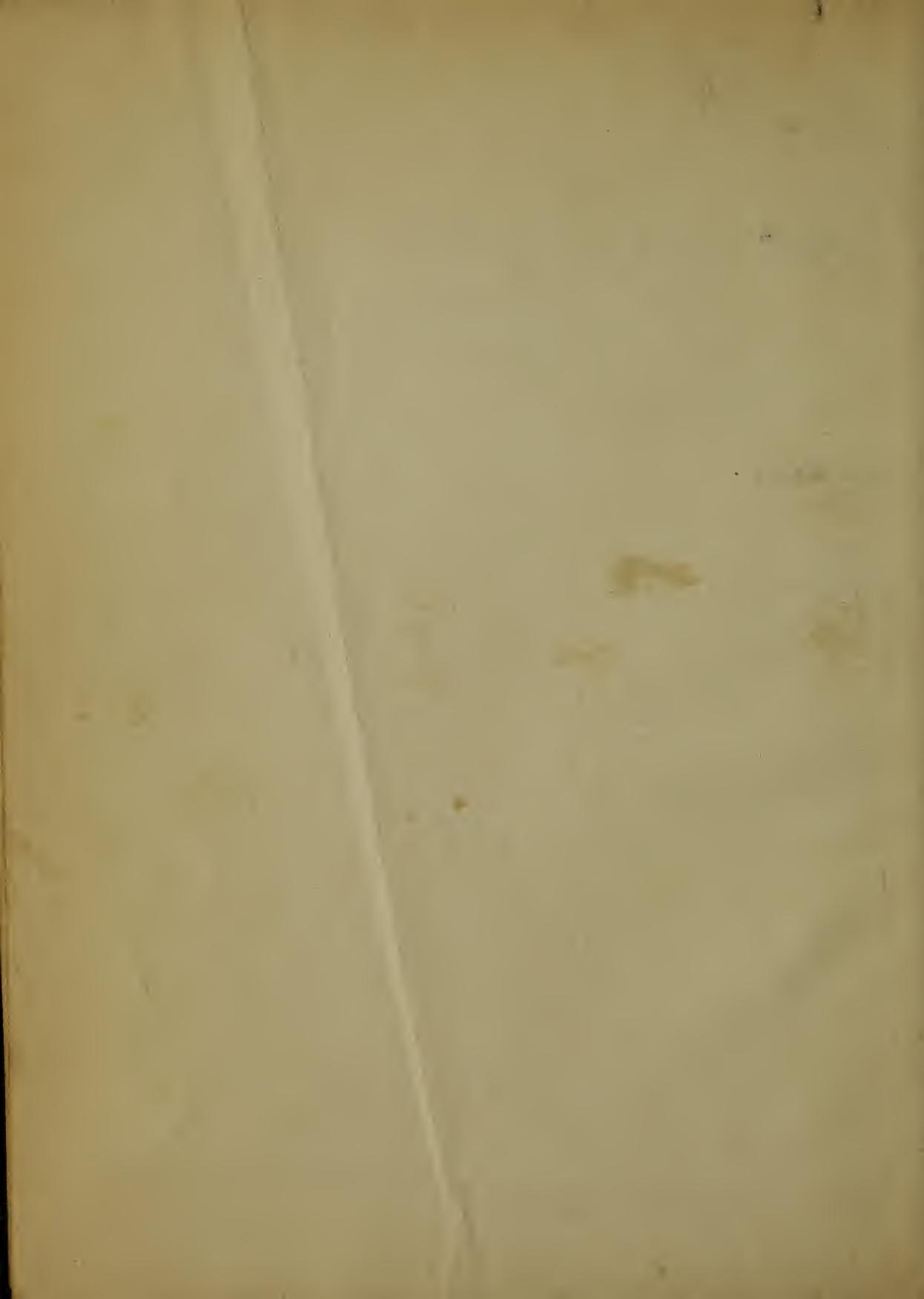


C.

Hooper's Sale, 1861, No. 505.

505 — : The Fair Maid of the West,  
or a Girle worth Gold. 4to, mor. gilt,  
Lond., 1631. \$6.00

[Fowle.]  
et



THE  
FAIR MAID  
OF THE WEST.  
OR,  
*A Girle worth gold.*

The first part.

As it was lately acted before the King and  
Queen, with approved liking.

By the Queens Majesties Comedians.

---

Written by T.H.

---



London,  
Printed for Richard Royston, and are to be sold  
at his Shop in Ivie Lane. 1631.

ВНІ  
СІАМ ЯІАГ

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Л О

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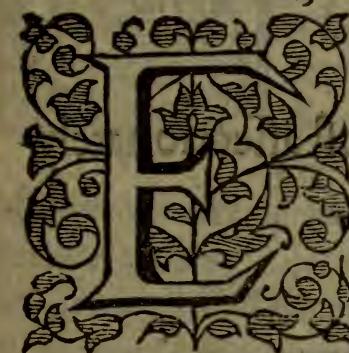


СІО ВІСА

Мог більш, мінімум (загальні земельні земель

To the much worthy, and my  
most respected, I O H N O I T H O N V,  
Esquire, Counsellour at Law, in  
the noble Societie of  
*Graies Inne.*

S I R,



Xcuse this my boldnesse,  
(I intreat you) and let it  
passe under the title of my  
love and respect, long  
devoted unto you; of  
which, if I endeavour to  
present the world with a due acknow-  
ledgement without the sordid, expecta-  
tion of reward, or servile imputation of  
flatterie, I hope it will be the rather accepted.  
I must ingenuously acknowledge, a weigh-  
tier argument would have better suited with  
your grave imployment; but there are retire-  
mēts necessarily belonging to all the labours  
of the body and brain: If in any such cestati-  
on, you will daigne to cast an eye upon  
this weak and unpollish't Poem, I shall re-  
ceive it as a courtesie from you, much ex-

# The Epistle Dedicatory.

ceeding any merit in mee, (my good meaning onely accepted.) Thus wishing you healthfull abilitie in body, untroubled content in minde: with the happie fruition of both the temporall felicities of the world present, and the eternall blessednesse of the life future; I still remain as ever,

Plaenblad van aertlycken

te sel ons (woerden)

Yours, most affectionately  
devoted,

**THOMAS HEYWOOD.**

**To**



## To the R E A D E R.

 Vrteous Reader, my Plaies have not  
beene exposed to the publike view of  
the world in numerous sheets, and  
a large volume; but singly (as thou  
seest) with great modesty, and  
small noise. These Comedies, bear-  
ing the title of, The fair Maid  
of the West: if they prove but as gratiouis in thy  
private reading, as they were plausible in the pub-  
lick acting, I shall not much doubt of their successe. Nor  
neede they (I hope) much fear a rugged and censorious  
brow from the son whom the greatest and best in the  
kingdome, ha~~ve~~ touchsafed to smile. I holdit no neces-  
sity to trouble thee with the Argument of the story, the  
matter it self lying so plainly before thee in Acts and  
Scenes, without any deviations, or winding indent.

Peruse it through, and thou maist finde in it,  
Some mirth, some matter, &, perhaps, some wit.

He that would studie thy  
content,

T. H.

## Dramatis personæ.

Two Sea Captains.  
Mr. Caroll, a Gentleman.  
Mr. Spencer. By Mr.  
Michael Bowyer.

Captain Goodlack, Spen-  
cers friend; by Mr. Rich.  
Perkins.

Two Vintners boyes.  
Belle Bridges, The fair  
Maid of the west; by Hugh  
Clark.

Mr. Forset, a Gentleman;  
by Christoph. Goad.

Mr. Kuffman, a swagger-  
ing Gentleman; by William  
Shearlock.

Clem. a drawer of wine  
and r Belle Bridges; by Mr.  
William Robinson.

Three Saylers. A Surgeon.

A Kitching Maid; by Mr.  
Anthony Furtier.

The Maior of Foy, an Al-  
derman, and a servant.

A Spanish Cap. by C. Goad  
An English Merchant; by  
Rob. Axell.

Mullisbeg, K. of Fesse, by  
Mr. Will. Allen.

Bashaw Alcade; by Mr.  
Wilbraham.

Bashaw Ioffer.  
Two Spanish Captains.

A French Merchant.  
An Italian Merchant.

A Chorus.

The Earl of Essex going  
to Cales: the Maior of Pli-  
moth with Petitioners,  
Mutes, &c.

## Prologue.

A Mongt the Grecians there were annuall feasts,  
To which none were invited as chief guests,  
Save Princes and their Wives. Amongst the men,  
There was no argument disputed then,  
But who best govern'd: And (as't did appeare)  
He was esteem'd sole Soveraigne for that yeaire.

The Queens and Ladies argued at that time,  
For Vertue and for beauty which was prime,  
And she had the high honour. Two here be,  
For Beauty one, the other Majesty,  
Most worthy (did that custome still persever)  
Not for one yeaire, but to be Soveraignes ever.

THE



# THE FAIRE MAID of the VWest: OR, A Girle worth Gold.

---

Enter two Captaines, and Mr. Carrol.

1. Capt.

Hen puts my Lord to Sea?

2. Capt. When the winde's faire.

Car. Resolve me I intreat, can you not gueſſe  
The purpose of this voyage?

1. Capt. Most men thinke

The Fleet's bound for the Ilands.

Carr. Nay, tis like.

The great successe at Cales under the conduct  
Of ſuch a Noble Generall, hath put heart  
Into the English: They are all on fire  
To purchase from the Spaniard. If their Carracks  
Come deeply laden, wee ſhall tugge with them  
For golden spoile.

2. Capt. O, were it come to that!

(Streets

1. Capt. How Plimouth ſwells with Gallants! how the  
Glifter with gold! You cannot meet a man  
But trickt in ſcarffe and feather, that it ſeemes  
As if the pride of Englands Gallantry  
Were harbourd here. It doth appeare (me thinkes)  
A very Court of Souldiers.

Carr. It doth ſo.

B

Where

## 2 The faire Maid of the West:

Where shall we dine to day?

2. Capt. At the next Taverne by; there's the best wine,  
1 Cap. And the best wench, Besse Bridges, she's the flowre  
Of Plimouth held: the Castle needes no bush,  
Her beauty drawes to them more gallant Customers  
Then all the signes ith' towne else.

2. Capt. A sweet Lasse,  
If I have any judgement.

1. Capt. Now in troth  
I thinke shee's honest.

Carr. Honest, and live there?  
What, in a publike Taverne, where's such confluence  
Of lusty and brave Gallants? Honest said you?

2. Capt. I vow she is for me.

1. Capt. For all, I think. I'm sure she's wondrous modest.

Carr. But withall

Exceeding affable.

2 Capt. An argument that shee's not proud.

Carr. No, were she proud, she'd fall.

1 Capt. Well, shee's a most attractive Adamant,  
Her very beauty hath upheld that house,  
And gain'd her master much.

Carr. That Adamant  
Shall for this time draw me to, wee'll dine there.

2. Capt. No better motion: Come to the Castle then,

Enter M. Spencer, and Capt. Goodlack.

Goodl. What, to the old house still?

Spenc. Canst blame me, Captaine,  
Believe me, I was never surprisde till now,  
Or catcht upon the sudden.

Goodl. Pray resolve me,  
Why being a Gentleman of fortunes, meanes,  
And well revenude, will you adventure thus  
A doubtfull voyage, when onely such as I  
Borne to no other fortunes then my sword

Should

Should seeke abroad for pillage.

*Spenc.* Pillage, Captaine?

No, tis for honor; And the brave societie  
Of all these shining Gallants that attend  
The great L. Generall, drew me hither first:  
No hope of gaine or spoyle.

*Goodl.* I, but what drawes you to this house so oft?

*Spenc.* As if thou knewst it not.

*Goodl.* What, *Besse*?

*Spenc.* Even she.

*Goodl.* Come, I must tell you, you forget your selfe,  
One of your birth and breeding, thus to dote  
Upon a Tanners daughter: why, her father  
Sold hydes in Somersetshire, and being trade-falne,  
Sent her to service.

*Spenc.* Prethee speake no more,  
Thou telst me that which I would faine forget,  
Or wish I had not knowne. If thou wilt humor me  
Tell me shes faire and honest.

*Goodl.* Yes, and loves you.

*Spenc.* To forget that, were to exclude the rest:  
All saving that, were nothing. Come let's enter.

*Enter 2. Drawers.*

1. *Draw.* You are welcome Gentlemen. Shew them into  
the next roome there.

2. *Draw.* Looke out a Towell, and some Rolls, a Salt and  
Trenchers.

*Spenc.* No sir, we will not dine.

2. *Draw.* I am sure ye would if ye had my stomacke.  
What wine drinke yee, Sacke or Claret?

*Spenc.* Wheres *Besse*?

2. *Draw.* Marry above with three or four Gentlemen.

*Spenc.* Goe call her.

2. *Draw.* Ile draw you a cup of the neatest wine in Plimouth

*Spenc.* Ile tast none of your drawing. Goe call *Besse*.

## 4 The faire Maid of the West:

2 Draw. Theres nothing in the mouthes of these Gallants, but Besse, Besse.

Spenc. What sa'y Sir?

2 Draw. Nothing sir, but Ile goe call her presently.

Spenc. Tell her who's here.

2 Draw. The devill rid her out of the house for me.

Spenc. Sa'y sir?

2 Draw. Nothing but anon anon sir.

*Enter Besse Bridges.*

Spenc. See she's come.

Bess. Sweet Mr Spencer, y'are a stranger growne,  
Where have you beene these three dayes?

Spenc. The last night  
I sat up late, at game: here take this bagge,  
And lay't up till I call for't.

Bess. Sir I shall.

Spenc. Bring me some wine.  
Bess. I know your taste,  
And I shall please your palate.

Goodl. Troth tis a pretty soule.  
Spenc. To thee I will unbosome all my thoughts,  
Were her low birth but equall with her beauty  
Here would I fixe my thoughts.

Goodl. You are not mad sir?  
You say you love her.

Spenc. Never question that.  
Goodl. Then put her to't, win Oportunity,  
Shees the best bawd: If (as you say) she loves you,  
She can deny you nothing.

Spenc. I have proved her  
Vnto the utmost test. Examin'd her,  
Even to a modest force: but all in vaine:  
She'll laugh, conferre, keepe company, discourse,  
And something more, kisse: but beyond that compass  
She no way can be drawne.

Goodl.

Goodl. Tis a vertue,  
But seldome found in tavernes.

Enter Bessie with wine.

Bessie. Tis of the best Graves wine sir.

Spenc. Gramarcie Girle, come sit.

Bessie. Pray pardon sir, I dare not.

Spenc. Ile ha'it so.

Bessie. My fellowes love me not, and will complaine  
Of such a sawcy boldnesse.

Spenc. Pox on your fellowes,  
Ile try whether their pottle pots or heads  
Be harder, if I doe but heare them grumble.  
Sit: now Bessie drinke to me.

Bessie. To your good voyage.

Enter the second Drawer.

2 Draw. Did you call sir?

Sp. Yes sir, to have your absence. Captaine, this health.

Goodl. Let it come sir.

2 Draw. Must you be set, and we wait, with a ——.

Spenc. What say you sir?

2 Draw. Anon, anon, I come there. *Exit.*

Spenc. What will you venture Bessie to sea with me?

Bessie. What I love best, my heart: for I could wish  
I had beeene borne to equall you in fortune,  
Or you so low, to have beeene rankt with me,  
I could have then presum'd boldly to say,  
I love none but my Spencer.

Spenc. Bessie I thanke thee.

Keep still that hundred pound till my returne  
From th' Islands with my Lord: if never, wench  
Take it, it is thine owne.

Bessie. You binds me to you.

# 6 The faire Maid of the West:

*Enter the first Drawer.*

1 Draw. Besse, you must fill some wine into the Port-cullis, the Gentlemen there will drinke none but of your drawing.

Spenc. She shall not rise sir, goe, let your Master snick-up.

1 D. And that should be cousin-german to the hick-up.

*Enter the second Drawer.*

2 Draw. Besse, you must needs come, the gentlemen fling pots, pottles, drawers, and all downe staires. The whole house is in an uprore.

Besse. Pray pardon sir, I needs must be gone.

2 D. The Gentlemen sweare if she come not up to thee They will come downe to her.

Spenc. If they come in peace,  
Like ciuill Gentlemen, they may be welcome:  
If otherwise, let them usurpe their pleasures.  
We stand prepar'd for both.

*Enter Caroll and two Captaines.*

Car. Save you gallants, we are somewhat bold to presse  
Into your company. It may be held scarce manners,  
Therefore fit that we should crave your pardon.

Spenc. Sir, you are welcome, so are your friends.

1 Capt. Some wine.

Besse. Pray give me leave to fill it.

Sp. You shall not stir. So please you wee'l joyne company.  
Drawer, more stooles.

Car. I tak't that's a she drawer. Are you of the house?

Besse. I am sir.

Caroll. In what place?

Besse. I draw.

Caroll. Beere, doe you not? You are some tapstresse,

Spenc. Sir, the worst character you can bestow  
Vpon the maide is to draw wine.

Caroll.

*Caroll.* She woul'd draw none to us,  
Perhaps she keepes a Rundlet for your taste,  
Which none but you must pierce.

*2 Capt.* I pray be civill.

*Spenc.* I know not, Gentlemen, what your intents be,  
Nor doe I feare or care. This is my roome,  
And if you beare you, as you seeme in shew,  
Like Gentlemen, sit and be sociable.

*Car.* We will. Minx, by your leave: Remove I say.

*Spenc.* She shall not stir.

*Car.* How sir?

*Spenc.* No sir: could you out-face the devill,  
We doe not feare your roaring.

*Car.* Though you may be companion with a drudge,  
It is not fit shee should have place by us.  
About your businesse, huswife.

*Spenc.* She is worthy

The place as the best here, and she shall keep'c.

*Car.* You lie. *They bastele. Caroll slaine.*

*Goodl.* The Gentleman's slaine, away.

*Besse.* Oh heaven, what have you done?

*Goodl.* Vndone thy selfe and me too: Come away.

*Besse.* Oh sad misfortune, I shall lose him ever.  
What, are you men or milk-sops? Stand you still  
Sensible as stones, and see your friend in danger  
To expire his last?

*1 Capt.* Tush, all our help's in vaine.

*2 Capt.* This is the fruit of whoores.  
This mischiefe came through thee:

*Besse.* It grew first from your inciviltie.

*1 Cap.* Lend me a hand to lift his body hence.  
It was a fatall businesse. *Exeunt Capaines.*

*Enter the two Drawers.*

*1 Dr.* One call my Master, another fetch the constable,  
Here's a man kild in the roome.

*2 Dr.*

## 8 The faire Maid of the West:

2 Dr. How, a man kill'd saist thou. Is all paid?

1 Dr. How fell they out, canst thou tell?

2 Dr. Sure about this bold Betrice: tis not so much for the death of the man, but how shall we come by our reckoning?

*Exeunt Drawers.*

*Besse.* What shall become of me! Of all lost creatures The most unfortunate. My innocence Hath beene the cause of blood, and I am now Purpled with murder, though not within compasse Of the Lawes severe censure: but which most Addes unto my affliction, I by this Have lost so worthy and approv'd a friend, Whom to redeeme from exile, I would give All that's without and in me.

*Enter Forset.*

*Forf.* Your name's *Besse Bridges*?

*Besse.* An unfortunate Maid.

Knowne by that name too well in Plimouth here.  
Your busynesse, sir, with me?

*Forf.* Know you this Ring?

*Besse.* I doe: it is my *Spencers*.

I know withall you are his trusty friend,  
To whom he would commit it. Speake, how fares he?  
Is hee in freedome, know yee?

*Forf.* Hee's in health  
Of body, though in minde somewhat perplexe  
For this late mischiefe happened.

*Besse.* Is he fled, and freed from danger?

*Forf.* Neither. By this token  
He lovingly commends him to you *Besse*,  
And prayes you when tis darke meet him o'th Hoe  
Neere to the new-made Fort, where hee'll attenend you,  
Before he flyes, to take a kinde farewell.  
Theres onely *Goodluck* in his company,  
He intreats you not to faile him.

*Besse.*

# Or, a Girle worth gold.

9

*Bef.* Tell him from me, Ile come, Ile runne, Ile flye,  
Stand Death before me: were I sure to die. *Exit.*

*Enter Spencer and Goodlacke.*

*Goodl.* You are too full of passion.

*Spenc.* Canst thou blame me,  
To have the guilt of murder burden me,  
And next, my life in hazard to a death  
So ignominious: last, to lose a Love  
So sweet, so faire, so am'rous, and so chaste,  
And all these at an instant? Art thou sure  
Carol is dead?

*Goodl.* I can beleve no lesse.

You hit him in the very speeding place.

*Spenc.* Oh but the last of these sits neer' st my heart.

*Goodl.* Sir be advis'd by mee.  
Try her before you trust her. She perchance  
May take th'advantage of your hopefull fortunes:  
But when she findes you subiect to distresse  
And casualty, her flattering love may die:  
Your deceased hopes.

*Spenc.* Thou counselfst well.  
Ile put her to the test and utmost tryall  
Before I trust her further. Here she comes.

*Enter Forset, and Besse with a bagge.*

*Forf.* I have done my message sir.

*Bef.* Feare not sweet *Spencer*, we are now alone,  
And thou art sanctuar'd in these mine armes.

*Goodl.* While these conferre wee'll centinel their safety.  
This place Ile guard.

*Forf.* I this.

*Bef.* Are you not hurt?  
Or your skinne rac'd with his offensive Steele?  
How is it with you?

C

*Spenc.*

# 10 The faire Maid of the West:

*Spenc.* Bessie, all my afflictions  
Are that I must leave thee : thou knowst withall  
My extreame necessity, and that the feare  
Of a most scandalous death doth force me hence.  
I am not neare my Country, and to stay  
From new supply from thence, might deeply ingage mee  
To desperate hazard.

*Bessie.* Is it coyne you want ?  
Here is the hundred pound you gave me late,  
Vse that, beside what I have stor'd and sav'de  
Which makes it fifty more : were it ten thousand  
Nay, a whole million, *Spencer*, all were thine.

*Spenc.* No, what thou hast keepe still, tis all thine owne.  
Here be my keyes, my trunkes take to thy charge :  
Such gold fit for transportage as I have,  
Ile beare along : the rest are freely thine,  
Money, apparell, and what else thou findst,  
Perhaps worth my bequest and thy receiving,  
I make thee mistresse of.

*Bessie.* Before I doted,  
But now you strive to have me extasid.  
What wouldest you have me doe, in which t' expresse  
My zeale to you ?

*Spenc.* Which in my chamber hangs,  
My picture, I injoyne thee to keepe ever,  
For when thou partest with that, thou losest me.

*Bessie.* My soule may from my body be divorc'd,  
But never that from me.

*Spenc.* I have a house in Foy, a taverne call'd  
The Winde-mill, that I freely give thee too,  
And thither if I live Ile send to thee.

*Bessie.* So soone as I have cast my reckonings up,  
And made even with my Master, Ile not faile  
To visit Foy in Cornwall. Is there else  
Ought that you will injoyne me ?

*Spenc.* Thou art faire,

Ioyne to thy beauty vertue. Many suiters  
I know will tempt thee : beauty's a shrewd baite,  
But unto that if thou add'st chasteitie,  
Thou shalt ore-come all scandall. Time cals hence,  
We now must part.

*Besse.* Oh that I had the power to make Time lame,  
To stay the starres, or make the Moone stand still,  
That future day might never haste thy flight.  
I could dwell here for ever in thine armes,  
And wish it alwayes night.

*Spenc.* We triflie howers. Farewell.

*Besse.* First take this Ring :  
Twas the first token of my constant love  
That past betwixt us. When I see this next,  
And not my *Spencer*, I shall thinke thee dead:  
For till death part thy body from thy soule  
I know thou wilt not part with it.

*Spenc.* Sweare for me *Besse* : for thou maist safely doe'st.  
Once more farewell : at *Foy* thou shalt heare from me.

*Besse.* Theres not a word that hath a parting sound  
Which through mine eares shrills not immediate death.  
I shall not live to lose thee.

*Fors.* Best be gone, for harke I heare some tread.

*Spenc.* A thousand farewels are in one contracted.  
Captain away.

*Exit Spencer, & Goodlacke.*

*Besse.* Oh, I shall dye.

*Fors.* What mean you *Besse*, wil you betray your friend,  
Or call my name in question ? Sweet, looke up.

*Besse.* Hah, is my *Spencer* gone ?

*Fors.* With speed towards *Foy*,  
There to take ship for Fiall.

*Besse.* Let me recollect my selfe,  
And what he left in charge. Vertue and Chasteitie.  
Next, with all sudden expedition

## 12 The faire Maid of the West:

Prepare for Foy: all these will I conserve,  
And keepe them strictly, as I would my life.  
Plimouth farewell: in Cornwall I will prove  
A second fortune, and for ever mourne,  
Vntill I see my Spencers safe returne.

### Hoboyes.

*A dumbe Show.* Enter Generall, Captaines, the Mayor:  
Petitioners the other way with papers: amongst these the  
Drawers. The Generall gives them bagges of money. All  
goe off saving the two Drawers.

1 Draw. Tis well yet we have gotten all the money due  
to my Master. It is the commonest thing that can bee for  
these Captaines to score and to score: but when the scores  
are to be paid, *Non est inventus*.

2 Draw. Tis ordinary amongst Gallants now a dayes,  
who had rather sweare forty oaths, then onely this one  
oath, God let me never be trusted.

1 Draw. But if the Captaines would follow the noble  
minde of the Generall, before night there would not bee  
one score owing in Plimouth.

2 Draw. Little knowes *Bess* that my Master hath got  
in these desperate debts: but she hath cast up her account,  
and is gone.

1 Draw. Whither canst thou tell?

2 Draw. They say to keepe a Taverne in Foy, and that  
M. Spencer hath given her a stocke to set up for her selfe.  
Well, ho wsoever, I am glad, though he kild the man wee  
have got our money.

*Explicit Actus primus.*

Actus.

*Actus secundus. Scena prima.*

*Enter Forset and Roughman.*

*Forset.*

**I**N your time have you seene a sweeter creature ?

*Roughm.* Some weeke or thereabouts.

*Forf.* And in that small time shee hath almost undone  
all the other Taverns. The Gallants make no rendezvous  
now but at the Wind-mill.

*Roughm.* Spight of them Ile have her. It shall cost me  
the setting on but Ile have her.

*Forf.* Why, doe you thinke she is so easily won ?

*Roughm.* Easily or not, Ile bid as fayre and farre as any  
man within twenty miles of my head, but I will put her  
to the squeake.

*Forf.* They say there are Knights sonnes already come  
as suiters to her.

*Roughm.* Tis like enough, some younger brothers, and  
so I intend to make them.

*Forf.* If these doings hold, shee will grow rich in short  
time.

*Roughm.* There shall bee doings that shall make this  
Wind-mill my grand seate, my mansion, my pallace, and  
my Constantinople.

*Enter Besse Bridges like a Mistresse,  
and Clem.*

*Forf.* Here she comes : observe how modestly she beares  
her selfe.

*Roughm.* I must know of what burden this vessell is, I  
shall not beare with her till shee beare with mee, and till  
then, I cannot report her for a woman of good cariage.

14 *The faire Maid of the West:*

*Besse.* Your olde Master that dwelt here before my comming, hath turn'd over your yeares to me.

*Clem.* Right forsooth: before he was a Vintner, hee was a shoo-maker, and left two or threc turne-overs more besides my selfe.

*Besse.* How long hast thou to serve.

*Clem.* But eleven yeares next grasse, and then I am in hope of my freedom. For by that time I shall be at ful age.

*Besse.* How old art thou now?

*Clem.* Forsooth newly come into my Teenes. I have scrap'd trenchers this two yeares, and the next Vintage I hope to be Barre-boy.

*Besse.* What's thy name?

*Clem.* My name is *Clem*, my father was a Baker, and by the report of his neighbors, as honest a man as ever lived by bread.

*Bes.* And where dwelt he?

*Clem.* Below here in the next crooked street, at the signe of the Leg. Hee was nothing so tall as I, but a little wee-man, and somewhat huckt backt.

*Besse.* He was once Constable?

*Clem.* Hee was indeede, and in that one yeaer of his raigne, I have heard them say, hee bolted and listed out more businesse, then others in that office in many yeaers before him.

*Besse.* How long ist since he dyed?

*Clem.* Marry the last deare yeaer. For when corne grew to be at an high rate, my father never dowed after.

*Besse.* I thinke I have heard of him.

*Clem.* Then I am sure you have heard he was an honest neighbor, and one that never lov'd to be meale-mouth'd.

*Besse.* Well srrah, proove an honest servant, and you shall finde me your good Mistresse. What company is in the Marmaid?

*Clem.* There be soure Sea-captaines. I beleue they be little better then spirats, they are so flush of their ruddocks.

*Besse.*

*Bess.* No matter, wee will take no note of them.  
Here they vent many brave commodities,  
By which some gain accrews. Th'are my good customers,  
And still returne me profit.

*Clem.* Wot you what Mistresse, how the two Saylers  
would have served me, that calld for the pound and halfe  
of Cheese?

*Bess.* How was it *Clem*?

*Clem.* When I brought them a reckoning, they would  
have had me to have scor'd it up. They tooke me for a sim-  
ple gull indeed, that would have had me to have taken  
Chalke for Cheese:

*Besse.* Well, goe waite upon the Captaines, see them  
want no wine.

*Clem.* Nor reckoning neyther, take my word Mistress.

*Roughm.* Shee's now at leisure, Ile to her.  
Lady, what Gentlemen are those above?

*Besse.* Sir they are such as please to be my guests,  
And they are kindly welcome.

*Roughm.* Give me their names.

*Besse.* You may goe search the Church-booke where  
they were christned.

There you perhaps may learne them.

*Roughm.* Minion, how?

*Fors.* Fie, fie, you are too rude with this faire creature,  
That no way seekes t'offend you.

*Bess.* Pray hands off.

*Roughm.* I tell thee maid, wife, or what e'er thou' beest,  
No man shall enter here but by my leave.

Come, let's be more familiar.

*Bess.* 'Las good-man.

*R.* Why knowst thou whō thou sleightst. I am *Roughman*,  
The onely approved gallant of these parts,  
A man of whom the Roarers stand in awe,  
And must not be put off.

*Bess.* I never yet heard man so praise himselfe,

But

# 16 The faire Maid of the West:

But prov'd in'ch end a coward.

*Roughm.* Coward, Bess?

You will offend me, raise in me that fury  
Your beauty cannot calme. Goe to, no more,  
Your language is too harsh and peremptory.  
Pray let me heare no more on't. I tell thee  
That quiet day scarce past me these seven yeares  
I have not crackt a weapon in some fray,  
And will you move my spleene?

*Fors.* What, threat a woman?

*Bes.* Sir, if youthus persist to wrong my house,  
Disturbe my guests, and nightly domineire,  
To put my friends from patience, Ile complaine,  
And right my selfe before the Magistrate,  
Can we not live in compasse of the Law,  
But must be swaggerd out on't?

*Roughm.* Goe too, wench,  
I wish thee well, thinke on't, theres good for thee  
Stor'd in my brest, and when I come in place  
I must have no man to offend mine eye:  
My love can brooke no rivals. For this time  
I am content your Captaines shall have peace,  
But must not be us'd to't.

*Bes.* Sir if you come like other free & civil Gentlemen  
Y'are welcome, otherwise my doores are barr'd you.

*Roughm.* That's my good Girle,  
I have fortunes laid up for thee: what I have  
Command it as thine owne. Goe too, be wise.

*Bes.* Well, I shall study for't.

*Roughm.* Consider on't. Farewell. *Exit.*

*Bes.* My minde suggests mee that this prating fellow  
Is some notorious Coward. If he persist  
I have a tricke, to try what metall's in him.

*Enter Clem.*

What newes with you?

*Cle.* I am now going to carry the Captaines a reckning.

*Bes.*

*Besse.* And what's the summe?

*Clem.* Let me see, eight shillings and six pence.

*Bes.* How can you make that good? write them a bill.

*Clem.* Ile watch them for that, tis no time of night to use our bils, the Gentlemen are no dwarfes, and with one word of my mouth, I can tell them what is to be-tall.

*Besse.* How comes it to so much?

*Clem.* *Imprimis*, six quarts of wine at seven pence the quart, seven sixpences.

*Besse.* Why dost thou reckon it so?

*Clem.* Because as they came in by hab nab, so I will bring them in a reckning at six and at sevens.

*Bes.* Well, wine—3 s, 6 d.

*Clem.* And what wants that of ten groats?

*Besse.* Tis two pence over.

*Clem.* Then put six pence more to it, and make it 4 s, wine, though you bate it them in their meate.

*Besse.* Why so I prethee?

*Clem.* Because of the old proverbe, *VVhat they want in meate, let them take out in drinke.* Then for twelve peny-worth of Anchoves, 18 d.

*Besse.* How can that be?

*Clem.* Marry very well Mistresse, 12 d. Anchoves, and 6 d. oyle and vineger. Nay they shall have a sawcy recko-

*Bes.* And what for the other halfe crowne?

*Clem.* Bread, beere, salt, napkins, trenchers, one thing with another, so the *summa totalis* is—8 s, 6 d.

*Bes.* Well, take the reckoning from the bar.

*Clem.* What needs that forsooth? The Gentlemen seem to be high-flowne already, send them in but another pottle of Sacke, and they will cast up the reckoning of themselves. Yes, Ile about it.

*Bes.* *VVere I not with so my sutors pesterd,*  
And might I enjoy my *Spencer*, what a sweet  
Contented life were this? For money howes  
And my gaine's great. But to my *Roughman* next:

# 18 The faire Maid of the West:

I have a tricke to try what spirit's in him,  
It shall be my next businesse: in this passion  
For my deare Spencer, I propose me this,  
Mongst many sorrowes some mirth's not amisse,

*Exit.*

*Enter Spencer, and Goodlacke.*

*Goodl.* What were you thinking sir?

*Spenc.* Troth of the world, what any man should see in't  
To be in love with it.

*Goodl.* The reason of your meditation.

*Spenc.* To imagine that in the same instant that one for-  
sets all his estate, another enters upon a rich possession: as  
one goes to the Church to be marryed, another is hurri-  
ed to the gallowes to be hang'd, the last having no feeling  
of the first mans joy, nor the first of the last mans misery.  
At the same time that one lyes tortured upon the Racke,  
another lyes tumbling with his Mistresse over head and  
cares in downe and feathers. This when I truly consider,  
I cannot but wonder why any fortune should make a man  
extasy'd.

*Goodl.* You give your selfe too much to melancholy.

*Spenc.* These are my Maximes, and were they as faith-  
fully practised by others, as truly apprehended by me, we  
should have lesse oppression, and more charitic.

*Enter the two Captaines that were before.*

*1 Capt.* Make good thy words.

*2 Capt.* I say thou hast injur'd me.

*1 Capt.* Tell me wherein.

*2 Capt.* When we assaulted Fiall,  
And I had by the Generals command  
The onset, and with danger of my person  
Enforc'd the Spaniard to a swift retreat,  
And beat them from their Fort, thou when thou saw'st  
All feare and danger past, mad'st up with me

*To*

To share that honour which was sole mine owne,  
And never ventur'd shot for't, or ere came  
Where bullet graz'd.

Spenc. See Captaine a fray towards,  
Let's if we can attone this difference.

Goodl. Content.

1 Capt. Ile prove it with my sword,  
That though thou hadst the formost place in field,  
And I the seconnd, yet my Company  
Was equall in the entry of the Fort.  
My sword was that day drawne as soone as thine,  
And that poore honour which I won that day  
Was but my merit.

2 Capt. Wrong me palpably  
And justifie the same?

Spenc. You shall not fight.

1 Capt. Why sir, who made you first a Iusticer,  
And taught you that word *shall*? you are no Generall,  
Or if you be, pray shew us your Commission.

Spenc. Sir you have no commission but my counsell,  
And that Ile shew you freely.

2 Capt. Tis some Chaplaine,

1 Capt. I doe not like his text.

Goodl. Let's beate their weapons downe.

1 Cap. Ile aime at him that offers to divide us!

2 Cap. Pox of these part-frayes, see I am wounded  
By beating downe my weapon.

Goodl. How fares my friend?

Sp. You sought for blood, and Gentlemen you have it,  
Let mine appease you, I am hurt to death.

1 Capt. My rage converts to pitie, that this Gentleman  
Shall suffer for his goodnes.

Goodl. Noble friend,  
I will revenge thy death.

Spen. He is no friend  
That murmurs such a thought. Oh Gentlemen,

## 20 The faire Maid of the West:

I kill'd a man in Plimouth, and by you  
Am slaine in Fiall. Caroll fell by me,  
And I fall by a Spencer. Heav'n is just,  
And will not suffer murder unreven'g'd,  
Heaven pardon me, as I forgive you both,  
Shift for your selves : away.

2 Capt. VVe saw him die,  
But grieve you should so perish.

Spenc. Note Heavens justice,  
And henceforth make that use on't. I shall faint.

1 Capt. Short Farewels now must serve. If thou surviv'ſt  
Live to thine honour : but if thou expir'ſt  
Heaven take thy soule to mercy. *Exeunt.*

Spenc. I bleed much,  
I must goe seeke a Surgeon.

Goodl. Sir how cheare you?

Spenc. Like one that's bound upon a new adventure  
To th' other world : yet thus much worthy friend  
Let me intreat you, since I understand  
The Fleet is bound for England, take your occasion  
To ship your selfe, and when you come to Foy  
Kindly commend me to my dearest Bessie,  
Thou shalt receive a Will, in which I have  
Posseſt her of five hundred pounds a yeaſe.

Goodl. A noble Legacy.

Spenc. The rest I have beſtow'd amongſt my friends,  
Onely reſerving a bare hundred pounds  
To ſee me honestly and well intent'd.

Goodl. I ſhall perfrome your truſt as carefully  
As to my father, breath'd he.

Spenc. Marke me Captaine :  
Her Legacie I give with this proviso,  
If at thy arrivall where my Bessie remaines,  
Thou findest her well reported, free from scandal,  
My VVill stands firme : but if thou hear'ſt her branded  
For loose behaviour, or inmodest life,

VVhat

VVhat she should have, I here bestow on thee,  
It is thine owne: but as thou lov'st thy soule  
Deale faithfully betwixt my Bess and me.

*Goodl.* Else let me dye a prodigie.

*Spenc.* This Ring was hers, that, be she loose or chaste,  
Being her owne, restore her, she will know it,  
And doubtlesse she deserves it. Oh my memory,  
VVhat had I quite forgot? She hath my picture,

*Goodl.* And what of that?

*Sp.* If she be ranckt amongst the loose and lewd,  
Take it away, I hold it much undecent,  
A whore should ha't in keeping: but if constant  
Let her enjoy it: this my Will performe  
As thou art just and honest.

*Goodl.* Sense else forsake me.

*Spenc.* Now lead me to my Chamber, all's mads even,  
My peace with earth, and my atone with heaven.

*Enter Bess Bridges like a Page with a sword,  
and Clem.*

*Bess.* But that I know my mother to be chaste,  
I'de sweare some Souldier got me.

*Clem.* It may be many a Souldiers Buffe Ierkin came  
out of your fathers Tanne-fat.

*Besse.* Me thinkes I have a manly spirit in me  
In this mans habit.

*Clem.* Now am not I of many mens mindes, for if you  
should doe me wrong, I should not kill you, though I  
tooke you pissing against a wall.

*Bess.* Me thinkes I could be valiant on the sudden:  
And meet a man i'th field.  
I could doe all that I have heard discourst  
Of Mary Ambree or Westminsters Long-Meg.

*Clem.* VVhat Mary Ambree was I cannot tell, but un-  
lesse you were taller you will come short of Long Meg.

## 22 The faire Maid of the West:

*Bess.* Of all thy fellowes thee I lonely trust,  
And charge thee to be secret;

*Clem.* I am bound in my Indentures to keepe my Masters secrets, and should I finde a man in bed with you, I would not tell.

*Bess.* Be gone sir, but no words as you esteeme my favor.

*Clem.* But Mistresse, I could wish you to looke to your long seames, fights are dangerous. But am not I in a sweet taking thinke you?

*Bess.* I prethee why?

*Clem.* Why, if you should swagger and kill any body, I being a Vintner should be calld to the Barre.

*Bess.* Let none condemne me of immodesty,  
Because I trie the courage of a man  
Who on my soule's a Coward: beates my servants,  
Cuffes them, and as they passe by him kickes my maids,  
Nay domineirs over me, making himselfe  
Lord ore my house and houshold. Yesternight  
I heard him make appointment on some businesse  
To passe alone this way. Ile venture faire,  
But I will try what's in him.

*Enter Roughman and Forset.*

*Forset.* Sir, I can now no further, weighty businesse  
Calls me away.

*Rough.* Why at your pleasure then,  
Yet I could wish that ere I past this field,  
That I could meet some *Heitor*, so your eyes  
Might witnesse what my selfe have oft repeated,  
Namely that I am valiant.

*Forset.* Sir no doubt. But now I am in haste. Farewell.

*Rough.* How many times brave words beare out a man?  
For if he can but make a noise, hee's fear'd.  
To talke of fraies, although he ne'er had heart  
To face a man in field, that's a brave fellow,  
I have beene valiant I must needs confessse,

In street and Taverne, where there have beene men  
Ready to part the fray : but for the fields  
They are too cold to fight in.

*Besse.* You are a villain, a Coward, and you lie.

*R.* You wrong me I protest. Sweet courteous Gentleman  
I never did you wrong.

*Besse.* Wilt tell me that?

Draw forth thy coward sword, and suddenly,  
Or as I am a man Ile runne thee through,  
And leave thee dead ith field.

*Rough.* Hold as you are a Gentleman. I have tane an oath  
I will not fight to day.

*Besse.* Th'ast tooke a blow already and the lie,  
Will not both these inrage thee?

*Rough.* No, would you give the bastinado too,  
I will not breake mine oath.

*Besse.* Oh, your name's *Roughman*.  
No day doth passe you but you hurt or kill.  
Is this out of your calender?

*Rough.* I, you are deceiv'd,  
I ne'er drew sword in anger I protest,  
Unlesse it were upon some poore weake fellow  
That ne'er wore Steele about him.

*Besse.* Throw your Sword.

*Rough.* Here sweet young sir, but as you are a gentleman,  
Doe not impaire mine honor.

*Besse.* Tye that shooe.

*Rough.* I shall sir.

*Besse.* Vntrusse that point.

*Rough.* Any thing this day to save mine oath.

*Besse.* Enough : yet not enough, lie downe  
Till I stride ore thee.

*Rough.* Sweet sir any thing.

*Besse.* Rise, thou hast leave. Now *Roughman* thou art blest  
This day thy life is sav'd, look to the rest.  
Take backe thy sword.

*Roughm.*

## 24 The faire Maid of the West:

*Roughm.* Oh you are generous : honour me so much  
As let me know to whom I owe my life.

*Besse.* I am *Besse Bridges* brother,

*Rong.* Still me thought that you were somthing like her.

*Besse.* And I have heard,

You domineir and revell in her house,  
Controle her servants, and abuse her guests,  
VVhich if I ever shall hereafter heare,  
Thou art but a dead man.

*Roughm.* She never told me of a brother living,  
But you have power to sway me.

*Bess.* But for I see you are a Gentleman,  
I am content this once to let you passe,  
But if I finde you fall into relapse,  
The second's farre more dangerous.

*Roughm.* I shall feare it. Sir will you take the wine ?

*Bess.* I am for London.  
And for these two termes cannot make returne :  
But if you see my sister, you may say  
I was in health.

*Roughm.* Too well, the devill take you.

*Bess.* Pray use her well, and at my comming backe  
Ile aske for your acquaintance. Now farewell.

*Roughb.* None sawt:hee's gone for London: I am unhurt,  
Then who shall publish this disgrace abroad ?  
One man's no slander, should he speake his worst:  
My tongue's as loud as his, but in this country  
Both of more fame and credit. Should we contest  
I can out-face the proudest. This is then  
My comfort: *Roughman*, thou art still the same,  
For a disgrace not seene, is held no shame.

*Enter two Sailors.*

*1 Sa.* Aboard, aboard, the wind stands faire for England,  
The ships have all weigh'd anchor.

*2 Sail.* A stiffe gale blowes from the shore.

*Enter*

Enter Captaine Goodlacke.

Goodl. The Sailers call aboard, and I am forc'd  
To leave my friend now at the point of death,  
And cannot close his eyes. Here is the Will,  
Now may I finde yon Tanners daughter turn'd  
Vnchaste or wanton, I shall gaine by it  
Five hundred pounds a yeare: here is good evidence.

1 Sail. Sir will you take the long boat and aboard?

Enter a third Sailor.

Goodl. With all my heart.

3 Sail. What are you ready Mates?

1 Sail. We staid for you. Thou canst noe tel who's dead?  
The great bell rung out now.

3 Sail. They say twas for one Spencer, who this night  
Dyde of a mortall wound.

Goodl. My worthy friend.

Vnhappy man that cannot stay behinde  
To doe him his last rights. Was his name Spencer?

3 Sail. Yes sir, a Gentleman of good account  
And well knowne in the navy.

Goodl. This is the end of all mortalitie:  
It will be newes unpleasing to his Besse.  
I cannot faire amisse, but long to see  
Whether these Lands belong to her or mee.

Enter Spencer, and his Surgeon.

Surg. Nay feare not sir, now you have scap'd this dressing  
My life for yours.

Spenc. I thanke thee honest Friend.

Surg. Sir I can tell you newes.

Spenc. What ist I prethee?

Surg. There is a Gentleman one of your name,  
That dide within this hower.

Spenc. My name? what was he, of what sicknes dide he?

## 26. The faire Maid of the West:

*Surg.* No sicknesse, but a sleight hurt in the body,  
Which shewed at first no danger, but being searcht,  
He dyde at the third dressing.

*Spenc.* At my third search I am in hope of life.  
The heavens are mercifull.

*Surg.* Sir doubt not your recovery.

*Spenc.* That hundred pound I had prepar'd to expend  
Upon mine owne expected Funerall  
I for name sake will now bestow on his.

*Surg.* A noble resolution.

*Spenc.* What ships are bound for England, I would gladly  
Venture to sea, though weake.

*Surg.* All bound that way are vnder saile already.

*Spenc.* Here's no securitie,  
For when the beaten Spaniards shall returne,  
They'll spoile whom they can finde.

*Surg.* We have a ship,  
Of which I am Surgeon, that belongs unto  
A London merchant, now bound for Mamorah,  
A towne in Barbary, please you to use that,  
You shall command free passage : ten monchs hence  
We hope to visit England.

*Spenc.* Friend I thanke thee.

*Surg.* I'll bring you to the Master, who I know  
Will entertaine you gladly.

*Spenc.* When I have seen the funerall rights perform'd  
To the dead body of my Country-man  
And kinsman, I will take your courteous offer.  
England no doubt will heare newes of my death,  
How Bessie will take it is to me unknowne:  
On her behaviour I will build my fate,  
There raise my love, or thence erect my hate.

*Explicit Actus secundus.*

*Actus*

*Actus tertius. Scena prima.*

*Enter Roughman and Forset.*

*Forset.*

**O** Hy'are well met, just as I propheside  
So it fell out.

*Forf.* As how I pray ?

*Rough.* Had you but staid the crossing of one field,  
You had beheld a *Hector*, the boldest Trojan  
That ever *Roughman* met with.

*Forf.* Pray what was he ?

*Rough.* You talke of *Little Davy*, *Cutting Dick*,  
And divers such, but tush, this hath no fellow.

*Forf.* Of what stature and yeares was he ?

*Rough.* Indeed I must confesse he was no giant,  
Nor above fifty, but he did bestirre him,  
Was here and there, and every where at once,  
That I was ne'er so put to't since the Midwife  
First wrapt my head in linnen. Let's to *Besse*.  
Ile tell her the whole project.

*Forf.* Heres the houle, wee'll enter if you please.

*Roug.* Where be these Drawers, Rascals I should say ?  
That will give no attendance.

*Enter Clem.*

*Clem.* Anon, anon sir, please you see a roome. What you  
here againe ? Now we shall have such roaring.

*Rough.* You sirrah call your Mistresse.

*Clem.* Yes sir, I know it is my duty to call her Mistresse.

*Rough.* See and the slave will stir.

*Clem.* Yes I doe stir.

*Rough.* Shal we have humors, sauce-box, you have eares  
Ile teach you prick-song.

## 28 *The faire Maid of the West:*

*Clem.* But you have now a wrong Sow by the eare. I will call her,

*Roughm.* Doe sir, you had best.

*Clem.* If you were twenty Roughmans, if you lug me by the eare, againe, Ile draw.

*Roughm.* Ha, what will you draw?

*Clem.* The best wine in the house for your worship: and I would call her, but I can assure you she is eyther not stirring, or else not in case.

*Roughm.* How not in case?

*Clem.* I thinke she hath not her smocke on, for I thinke I saw it lye at her beds head.

*Rough.* What, Drawers grow capritious?

*Clem.* Help, help.

### *Enter Bessie Bridges.*

*Bessie.* What uprose's this? Shall we be never rid From these disturbances?

*Rough.* Why how now *Bessie*? Is this your huswifry? When you are mine Ile have you rise as early as the Larke, Looke to the Bar your selfe: these lazy rascalls Will bring your state behinde hand.

*Clem.* You lye sir?

*Roughm.* How? lye?

*Clem.* Yes sir at the Raven in the high-street, I was at your lodging this morning for a pottle pot.

*Roughm.* You will about your busynesse, must you heare Stand gaping and idle?

*Bess.* You wrong me sir,  
And tyrannize too much over my servants.  
I will have no man touch them but my selfe.

*Clem.* If I doe not put Rats. bane into his wine in stead of Suger, say I am no true Baker.

*Roughm.* What, rise at noone?  
A man may fight a tall fray in a morning,  
And one of your best friends too be hackett and mangled,  
And

And almost cut to peeces, and you fast  
Close in your bed, ne'er dreame on't.

*Besse.* Fought you this day?

*Roughm.* And ne'er was better put too't in my daies.

*Besse.* I pray, how was't?

*Roughm.* Thus: as I past yon fields:

*Enter the Kitchin-maid.*

*Maid.* I pray forsooth, what shall I reckon for the Iolle  
of Ling in the Port-cullis.

*Roughm.* A pox upon your Iolles, you kitchin-stuffe,  
Goe scowre your skillets, pots, and dripping-pans,  
And interrupt not us.

*Maid.* The Devill take your Oxe-heeles, you foule  
Cods-head, must you be kicking?

*Roughm.* Minion dare you scould?

*Maid.* Yes sir, and lay my ladle over your coxcombe.

*Besse.* I doe not thinke that thou darst strike a man,  
That swaggerst thus ore women.

*Rough.* How now *Besse*?

*Besse.* Shall we be never quiet?

*Fors.* You are too rude.

*Roughm.* Now I professe all patience.

*Bess.* Then proceede.

*Roughm.* Rising up early, Minion whilst you slept,  
To crosse yon field, I had but newly parted  
With this my friend, but that I soone espide  
A gallant fellow, and most strongly arm'd.  
In the mid-field we met, and both being resolute,  
VVe justled for the wall.

*Besse* VVhy, did there stand a wall in the mid-field?

*Roughm.* I meant strove for the way.

Two such brave spirits meeting, straight both drew.

*Enter Clem.*

*Clem.* The Maid forsooth sent me to know whether  
you would have the shoulder of mutton roasted or sod.

*Roughm.* A mischiefe on your shoulders.

30 *The faire Maid of the West:*

*Cl.* That's the way to make me never prove good porter  
*Besse.* You still heape wrongs on wrongs.

*Rough.* I was in fury  
To thinke upon the violence of that fight,  
And could not stay my rage.

*Fors.* Once more proceed.

*Rough.* Oh had you seene two tilting meteors justle  
In the mid Region, with like feare and fury  
We two encounter'd. Not *Briarius*  
Could with his hundred hands have strucke more thicke.  
Blowes came about my head, Iooke them still.  
Thrusts by my sides twixt body and my armes,  
Yet still I put them by.

*Besse.* When they were past he put them by. Goe on.  
But in this fury what became of him?

*Ro.* I thinke I paid him home, hee's soundly maul'd,  
I bosom'd him at every second thrust.

*Besse.* Scap'd he with life?

*Rough.* I, that's my feare: if he recover this,  
He never trust my sword more.

*Besse.* Why fly you not if he be in such danger?

*Rough.* Because a witch once told me  
I ne'er should dye for murder.

*Besse.* I beleeeve thee,  
But tell me pray, was not this gallant fellow,  
A pretty faire young youth about my yearcs?

*Rough.* Even thereabout.

*Clem.* He was not fistie then.

*Besse.* Much of my stature?

*Rough.* Much about your pitch,

*Clem.* He was no giant then.

*Besse.* And wore a suit like this?

*Rough.* I halfe suspect.

*Besse.* That gallant fellow,  
So wounded and so mangled, was my selfe,  
You base white-lyver'd slave, it was this shooe

That

That thou stoopt to untie: untrust those points?  
And like a beastly coward lay along,  
Till I stridd over thee. Speake, was't not so?

*Rough.* It cannot be deny'd.

*Besse.* Hare-hearted fellow, Milk-sop, dost not blush?  
Give me that Rapier: I will make thee swaere,  
Thou shalt redeeme this: scorne thou hast incurr'd,  
Or in this woman shape Ile cudgell thee,  
And beate thee through the streets. As I am *Besse*, I'll do't.

*Rough.* Hold, hold; I swaere.

*Bess.* Dare not to enter at my doore till then.

*Rough.* Shame confounds me quite.

*Bess.* That shame redeme: perhaps wee'l doe thee grace  
I love the valiant, but despise the base. *Exit.*

*Clem.* Will you be kickt sir?

*Rough.* She hath wakend me,  
And kindled that dead fire of courage in me,  
VWhich all this while hath slept: To spare my flesh  
And wound my fame, what is't? I will not rest  
Till by some valiant deed I have made good  
All my disgraces past. Ile crosse the streeete,  
And strike the next brave fellow that I meet.

*Fors.* I am bound to see the end on't.

*Rough.* Are you sir?

*Beates off Forset.*

*Enter Mayor of Foy, an Alderman, and Servant.*

*Mayor.* Beleeve me sir, she beares her selfe so well,  
No man can justly blame her: and I wonder  
Being a single woman as she is,  
And living in an house of such resort,  
She is no more distasted.

*Alder.* The best Gentlemen  
The Country yeelds; become her daily guests.  
Sure sir I thinke shes rich.

*Major.*

## 32 The faire Maid of the West:

*Major.* Thus much I know, would I could buy her state  
VVere't for a brace of thousands. A shot.

*Ald.* I was said a ship is now put into harbour,  
Know whence she is.

*Serv.* Ile bring newes from the key.

*Major.* To tell you true sir, I could wish a match  
Betwixt her and mine owne and onely sonne,  
And stretch my purse too upon that condition.

*Ald.* Please you Ile motion it.

*Enter the Servant.*

*Serv.* One of the ships is new come from the Islands,  
The greatest man of note's one Captaine Goodlack.  
It is but a small Vessel.

*Enter Goodlack and Sailors.*

*Goodl.* Ile meet you straight at th' VVind-mill.  
Not one word of my name.

*I Sail.* VVe understand you.

*Major.* Sir tis told us you came late from th' Islands;

*Goodl.* I did so:

*Major.* Pray sir the newes from thence.

*Goodl.* The best is, that the Generall is in health,  
And Fiall-won from th' Spaniards : but the Fleet  
By reason of so many dangerous tempests  
Extremely wether-beaten. Yousir I take it,  
Are Mayor o'th towne.

*Major.* I am the Kings Lieutenant.

*Goodl.* I have some Letters of import from one  
A Gentleman of very good account,  
That dide late in the Islands, to a Maide  
That keepes a Taverne here.

*Major.* Her name Besse Bridges ?

*Goodl.* The same. I was desir'd to make inquirie  
VVhat fame she beares, and what report shee's of.  
Now you sir being here chiefe Magistrate,  
Can best resolve me.

*Major.*

# or, a Girle worth gold.

33

*Mayo.* To our understanding, vanquish'd  
Shee's without staine or blemish well reputed,  
And by her modesty and faire demeanour,  
Hath won the love of all.

*Goodl.* The worse for me.

*Alder.* I can assure you many narrow eyes  
Have lookt on her and her condition,  
But those that with most envy have endevour'd  
T' entrap her, have return'd won by her vertues.

*Goodl.* So all that I inquire of make report.  
I am glad to heare't. Sir I have now some businesse,  
And I of force must leave you.

*Mayo.* I intreat you to sup with me to night.

*Goodl.* Sir I may trouble you.

Five hundred pound a yea're out of my way.  
Is there no flaw that I can tax her with,  
To forfeit this revenew? Is she such a Saint,  
None can missay her & why then I my selfe  
VVill undertake it. If in her demeanor  
I can but finde one blemish, staine or spot,  
It is five hundred pound a yea're well got.

*Exit.*

*Enter Clem and the Sailors on the one side, at the other  
Roughman, who drawes upon them, and beates them  
off.*

*Enter Besse, Clem, and the Sailors.*

*Bes.* But did he fight it bravely?

*Clem.* I assure you mistresse most dissolutely: hee hath  
runne this Sailor three times through the body, and yet  
never toucht his skinne.

*Besse.* How can that be?

*Clem.* Through the body of his doublet I meant.

*Besse.* How shame, base imputation, and disgrace  
Can make a coward valiant: Sirrah you  
Looke to the barre.

E

*Clem.*

## 34 The faire Maid of the West:

Clem. Ile hold up my hand there presently.

Bef. I understand, you came now from the Islands,

1 Sail. VVe did so.

Bef. If you can tell me tydings of one Gentleman,  
I shall require you largely:

1 Sailor. Of what name?

Bess. One Spencer.

1 Sailor. VVe both saw and knew the man.

Besse. Onely for that call for what wine you please.

Pray tell me where you left him.

2 Sailor. In Fiall.

Bef. VVas he in health? how did he fare?

2 Sail. Why well.

Bess. For that good newes, spend, revell, and carouse,  
Your reckning's paid before-hand. I'me extraide,  
And my delights unbounded.

1 Sail. Did you love him?

Bess. Next to my hopes in heaven.

1 Sail. Then change your mirth.

Besse. VVhy, as I take it, you told me he was well,  
And shall I not rejoice?

1 Sail. Hee's well in heaven, For Mistrisse, he is dead,

Bess. Hah, dead! was't so you said? Th'ast givē me, friend  
But one wound yet, speake but that word againe,  
And kill me out-right.

2 Sail. He lives not.

Bess. And shall I? VVilt thou not breake heart?  
Are these my ribs wrought out of brasse or steele,  
Thou canst not craze their barres?

1 Sail. Mistris use patience, which conquers all despaire;

Besse. You advise well:

I did but feare with sorrow: you may see  
I am now in gentle temper.

2 Sail. True, we see't.

Bef. Pray take the best roome in the liouse, and there  
Call for what wine best tastes you: at my leisure

Ile visit you my selfe.

I Sail. Ile use your kindness. Exeunt.

Besse. That it should be my fate. Poore poore sweet-hart  
I doe but thinke how thou becomst thy grave,  
In which would I lay by thee: what's my wealth  
To injoyt without my Spencer. I will now  
Study to die, that I may live with him.

*Enter Goodlack.*

Goodl. The further I inquire, the more I heare  
To my discomfort. If my discontinuance  
And change at Sea disguise me from her knowledge  
I shall have scope enough to prove her fully.  
This sadness argues she hath heard some newes  
Of my Friends death.

Besse. It cannot sure be true  
That he is dead, Death could not be so envious  
To snatch him in his prime. I study to forget  
That ere was such a man.

Goodl. If not impeach her,  
My purpose is to seek to marry her.  
If she deny me, Ile conceale the VVill,  
Or at the least make her compound for halfe.  
Save you faire Gentlewoman.

Bess. You are welcome sir.

Goodl. I heare say there's a whore here that draws wine,  
I am sharp set, and newly come from sea,  
And I would see the trash.

Bess. Sure you mistake sir.  
If you desire attendance and some wine  
I can command you both. VVhere be these boyes?

Goodl. Are you the Mistresse?

Besse. I command the house.

Goodl. Of what birth are you, pra'y?

Bess. A Tanners daughter.

Goodl. VVhere borne?

36 *The faire Maid of the West*:

*Besse.* In Somersetshire.

*Goodl.* A trade-falne Tanners daughter goe so brave  
Oh you have trickes to compasse these gay cloaths.

*Besse.* None sir, but what are honest.

*Goodl.* VVhat's your name?

*Besse.* Besse Bridges most men call me.

*Goodl.* Y'are a whore.

*Besse.* Sir, I will fetch you wine to wash your mouth,  
It is so foule, I feare't may fester else.  
There may be danger in't.

*Goodl.* Not all this move her patience.

*Besse.* Good sir, at this time I am scarce my selfe  
By reason of a great and weighty losse  
That troubles me: but I should know that Ring.

*Goodl.* How, this, you baggage? It was never made  
To grace a strumpets finger.

*Besse.* Pardon sir, I both must and will leave you. *Exit.*

*Goodl.* Did not this well? This will sticke in my stomach  
I could repent my wrongs done to this maid:  
But Ile not leave her thus: if she still love him,  
Ile breake her heart-strings with some false report  
Of his unkindnesse.

*Enter Clem.*

*Clem.* You are welcome Gentleman: what wine will  
you drinke? Claret, Metheglin, or Muskadine, Cyder or  
Pyrrey, to make you merry, Aragoosa, or Peter-see-mee,  
Canary or Charnico? But by your nose sir you should love  
a cup of Malmsey: you shall have a cup of the best in Corn-  
waile.

*Goodl.* Here's a brave drawer will quarrell with his wine.

*Clem.* But if you preferre the Frenchman before the  
Spaniard, you shall have either here of the deepe red grape  
or the pallid white. You are a pretty tall Gentleman, you  
should love High-Country wine: none but Clarkes and  
Sextons love Graves wine. Or are you a married man, Ile  
furnish

furnish you with bastard, white or browne, according to the complexion of your bed-fellow.

*Goodl.* You rogue, how many yeares of your prentiship Have you spent in studying this set speeeh?

*Clem.* The first line of my part was, Anon anon, Sir: and the first question I answerd to, was logger-head, or block-head, I know not whether.

*Goodl.* Speake, wheres your Mistresse?

*Clem.* Gone up to her chamber.

*Goodl.* Set a pottle of Sacke in th' fire, and carry it into the next roome. *Exit.*

*Clem.* Score a pottle of Sacke in the Crowne, and see at the barre for some rotten egges to burne it: we must have one tricke or other to vent away our bad commodities.

*Exit.*

*Enter Besse with Spencers Picture.*

*Besse.* To dye, and not vouchsafe some few commends Before his death, was most unkindly done.

This Picture is more courteous: 'twill not shrinke For twenty thousand kisles: no nor blush: Then thou shalt be my husband, and I vow Never to marry other.

*Enter Goodlacke.*

*Goodl.* Wheres this harlot?

*Besse.* You are immodest sir to presse thus rudely Into my private chamber.

*Goodl.* Pox of modesty

When punks must have it mincing in their mouthes: And have I found thee? then shalt hence with me.

*Besse.* Rob me not of the chiefest wealth I have: Search all my trunks, take the best Iewels there: Deprive me not that treasure, Ile redeeme it With plate, and all the little coyne I have, So I make keepe that still.

*Goodl.* Thinkst thou that bribes Can make me leave my friends Will unperform'd?

38 *The faire Maid of the West:*

*Besse.* What was that Friend?

*Goodl.* Ose Spenser, dead i'ch Islands,  
Whose very last words uttered at his death  
Were these, If ever thou shalt come to Foy,  
Take thence my picture, and deface it quite:  
For let it not be said, my pourtrature  
Shall grace a strumpets chamber.

*Bess.* Twas not so:

You lye, you are a villain: twas not so.  
Tis more then sinne thus to bely the dead:  
Hee knew if ever I would have transgreſſed,  
'I had beene with him: he durſt have sworne me chaste,  
And dyde in that beliefe.

*Good.* Are you so briefe?

Nay, Ile not trouble you: God b'oy you.

*Besse.* Yet leave me still that Picture, and Ile ſwear  
You are a Gentleman, and cannot lie.

*Goodl.* I am inexorable.

*Besse.* Are you a Christian, have you any name  
That ever good man gave you?

'Twas no Saint you were call'd after. What's thy name?

*Goodl.* My name is Captaine *Thomas Good* —

*Bess.* I can ſee no good in thee, Raſe that ſyllable  
Out of thy name.

*Goodl.* Goodlacke's my name.

*Besse.* I cry you mercy ſir: I now remember you,  
You were my Spencers friend, and I am ſory,  
Because he lov'd you, I have beene ſo harsh:  
For whose fake, I intreat ere you take't hence,  
I may but take my leave on't.

*Goodl.* You'll returne it?

*Besse.* As I am chaste I will.

*Goodl.* For once Ile trust you.

*Besse.* Oh thou the perfect ſemblance of my Love,  
And all that's left of him, take one ſweet kiff,  
As my laſt farewell. Thou reſembliſh him

For

For whose sweet safety I was every morning  
Downe on my knees, and with the Larkes sweet tunes  
I did begin my prayers : and when sad sleepe  
Had charm'd all eyes, when none save the bright starres  
Were up and waking, I remembred thee,  
But all, all to no purpose.

*Goodl.* Sure, most sure, this cannot be dissembled.

*Besse.* To thee I have beene constant in thine absence,  
And when I look'd upon this painted peece  
Remembred thy last rules and principles :  
For thee I have given almes, visited prisons,  
To Gentlemen and passengers lent coyne,  
That if they ever hadabilitie  
They might repay't to *Spencer* : yet for this,  
All this, and more, I cannot have so much  
As this poore table.

*G.* I should question truth, if I should wrong this creature.

*Besse.* I am resolv'd.  
See sir, this Picture I restore you backe,  
Which since it was his will you should take hence,  
I will not wrong the dead.

*Goodl.* God be w'you.

*Besse.* One word more.  
*Spencer* you say was so unkinde in death.

*Goodl.* I tell you true.

*Besse.* I doe intreat you even for goodnesse sake  
Since you were one that he intirely lov'd,  
If you some few dayes hence here me expir'd,  
You will mongst other good men, and poore people  
That haply may misse *Besse*, grace me so much  
As follow me to th' grave. This if you promise,  
You shall not be the least of all my friends  
Remembred in my will. Now fare you well.

*Goodl.* Had I a heart of flint or adamant  
It would relent at this. My Mistris *Besse*,  
I have better tydings for you.

*Besse.*

40 *The faire Maid of the West:*

*Besse.* You will restore my Picture? will you?

*Goodl.* Yes, and more then that,  
This Ring from my friends finger sent to you,  
With infinite commends.

*Besse.* You change my blood;

*Goodl.* These writings are the evidence of Lands,  
Five hundred pound ayeare's bequeath'd to you,  
Of which I here possesse you: all is yours.

*Besse.* This surplussage of love, hath made my losse  
That was but great before: now infinite.  
It may be compast: there's in this my purpose  
No impossibilitie.

*Goodl.* What study you?

*Besse.* Foure thousand pound besides this Legacie,  
In Jewels, gold, and silver I can make,  
And every man discharg'd. I am resolv'd  
To be a patterne to all Maides hereafter  
Of constancy in love.

*G.* Sweet Mistris *Besse*, will you command my service,  
If to succeed your *Spencer* in his Love,  
I would expose me wholly to your wishes.

*Besse.* Alas my love sleepes with him in his grave,  
And cannot thence be wakend: yet for his sake  
I will impart a secret to your trust,  
Which, saving you, no mortall should partake.

*Goodl.* Both for his love and yours, command my service,

*Besse.* There's a prise

Brought into Farnouth Road, a good tight Vestell,  
The Bottome will but cost eight hundred pound,  
You shall have money: buy it.

*Goodl.* To what end?

*Besse.* That you shall know hereafter. Furnish her  
With all provision needfull: spare no cost:  
And joyne with you a ginge of lusty ladds,  
Such as will bravely man her: all the charge  
I will commit to you: and when shee's fitted,

Captaine

Captaine she is thine owne.

Goodl. I sound it not.

Besse. Spare me the rest. This voyage I intend,  
Though some may blame, all Lovers will commend.

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus tertius.

## Actus quartus. Scena prima.

After an Alarmne, Enter a Spanish Captaine, with Saylors,  
bringing in a Merchant, Spencer, and the Surgeon prisoners.

Spaniard.

For Fialls losse, and spoile by th' English done,  
We are in part reveng'd. There's not a Vessel  
That beares upon her top S. Georges Crosse,  
But for that act shall suffer.

Merchant. Insult not Spaniard,  
Nor be too proud, that thou by oddes of Ships,  
Provision, men, and powder mad'st us yeeld.  
Had you come one to one, or made assault  
With reasonable advantage, wee by this  
Had made the carkasse of your ship your graves,  
Low suncke to the Seas bottome.

Span. Englishman, thy ship shall yeeld us pillage,  
These prisoners we will keepe in strongest Hold,  
To pay no other ransome then their lives.

Spenc. Degenerate Spaniard, there's no noblesse in thee  
To threaten men unarm'd and miserable,  
Thou mightst as well tread ore a field of slaughter,  
And kill them ore, that are already slaine,  
And brag thy manhood,

Span. Sirrah, what are you?

Spenc. Thy equall as I am a prisoner,  
But once to stay a better man then thou,

## 42 The faire Maid of the West:

A Gentleman in my Country.

Span. Wert thou not so, we have strappadoes, bolts,  
And engines to the Maine-mast fastened,  
Can make you gentle.

Spenc. Spaniard doesth worst, thou canst not act  
More tortures then my courage is able to endure.

Span. These Englishmen  
Nothing can daunt them: Even in misery  
They'l not regard their masters.

Spenc. Masters! Insulting bragging Thrasoes.

Span. His fawcynesse weel' punish 'bove the rest.  
About their censures we will next devise, Flourish  
And now towards Spaine with our brave English prise.

Exeunt.

Enter Bessie, Mayor, Alderman, Clem.

A table set out, and stooles.

Bessie. A Table and some stooles.

Clem. I shal give you occasion to ease your tailes presently,  
Bessie. Will'e please you sit?

Mayor. With all our hearts, and thanke you.

Bessie. Fetch me that parchment in my Closet window.

Clem. The three sheep-skins with the wrong side outward

Bessie. That with the scale.

Clem. I hope it is my Indenture, and now shée meaneſſe  
to give me my time.

Alder. And now you are alone, faire Mistresse Elizabeth  
I thinke it good to taste you with a motion,  
That no way can displease you.

Bessie. Pray speake on.

Alder. I hath pleas'd here Master Mayor so far to look  
Into your faire demeanour, that he thinkes you  
A fit match for his Sonne.

Enter Clem with the parchment.

Clem. Here's the parchment, but if it bee the lease of  
your house, I can assure you 'tis out.

Bessie.

*Besse.* The yeares are not expired.

*Clem.* No, but it is out of your Closet.

*Besse.* About your businelle.

*Cl.* Here's even *Susanna* bewixt the two wicked elders.

*Ald.* What thinke you Mistresse *Elizabeth*?

*Besse.* Sir I thanke you.

And how much I esteeme this goodnessse from you

The trust I shall commit unto your charge

Will truly witnes. Marry, gentle Sir !

'Las I have sadder businelle now in hand,

Then sprightly marriage, witnesse these my teares.

Pray reade there.

*Major.* The last Will and Testament of *Elizabeth Bridges* to be committed to the trust of the Mayor and Aldermen of Foy, and their Successors for ever.

To set up yong beginners in their trade, a thousand pound To relieve such as have had losse by Seas, 500 pound.

To every Maid that's married out of Foy,

Whose name's *Elizabeth* ten pound.

To relieve maimed Souldiers, by the yeaire ten pound.

To Captaine *Goodlacke*, if hee shall performe

The businelle hee's imployed in, five hundred pound.

The Legacies for *Spencer* thus to stand,

To number all the poorest of his kin,

And to bestow on them. Item to —

*Besse.* Enough : you see sir I am now too poore

To bring a dowry with me fit for your sonne.

*Major.* You want a president, you so abound

In charitie and goodnessse.

*Besse.* All my servants

I leave at your discretions to dispose

Not one but I have left some Legacie.

What shall become of me, or what I purpose

Spare further to enquire.

*Major.* We'll take our leaves.

And prove to you faithfull Executors.

# 44 The faire Maid of the West:

In this bequest.

*Alder.* Let never such despaire,  
As dying rich, shall make the poore their heyre. *Exit.*  
*Besse.* Why what is all the wealth the world containes,  
Without my Spencer?

Enter Roughman and Forset.

*Roughm.* Wheres my sweet *Besse*?  
Shall I become a welcome suiter now?  
That I have chang'd my Copic?

*Besse.* I joy to heare it.  
Ile finde imployment for you.

Enter Goodlacke, Sailors, and Clem.

*Goodl.* A gallant ship, and wondrous proudly trim'd,  
Well calkr, well tackled, every way prepar'd.

*Besse.* Here then our mourning for a season end.  
*Roughb.* *Besse*, shall I strike that Captaine? say the word,  
Ile have him by the eares.

*Besse.* Not for the world.  
*Goodl.* What saith that fellow?  
*Besse.* He desires your love, good Captain let him ha'it.  
*Goodl.* Then change a hand.  
*Besse.* Resolve me all, I am bound upon a voyage,  
Will you in this adventure take such part,  
As I my selfe shall doe?

*Rough.* With my fayre *Besse*, to the worlds end.  
*Besse.* Then Captaine and Lieftenant both, joine hands,  
Such are your places now.

*Goodl.* Wee two are friends.  
*Bess.* I next must sweare you two, with all your ginge  
True to some articles you must observe,  
Reserving to my selfe a prime command,  
Whilst I injoyne nothing unreasonable.

*Goodl.* All this is granted.

*Bes.* Then first, you said your ship was trim and gay,

*He*

Ile have her pitcht all ore, no spot of white,  
No colour to be seene, no Saile but blacke,  
No Flag but sable.

*Goodl.* Twill be ominous, and bode disaster fortune.

*Besse.* Ile ha'it so.

*Goodl.* Why then she shall be pitcht blacke as the devil,

*Besse.* She shall be call'd *The Negro*, when you know  
My conceit, Captaine, you will thanke for't.

*Roug.* But whither are we bound?

*Besse.* Pardon me that.

When wee are out at sea Ile tell you all.

For mine owne wearing I have rich apparell,

For man or woman as occasion serves.

*Clem.* But Mistriss, if you be going to sea, what shall  
become of me aland.

*Besse.* Ile give thee thy full time.

*Clem.* And shall I take time, when time is, and let my  
Mistresse slip away. No, it shall be seene that my teeth are  
as strong to grinde bisket as the best sailor of them all, and  
my stomacke as able to digest pouderd beefe and Poore-  
john. Shall I stay here to scoure a pudding in the Halfe-  
moone, and see my Mistresse at the Miine-yard with her  
sailles up, and spread. No it shall be seene that I who have  
beene brought up to draw wine, will see what water the  
ship drawes, or Ile bery the Voyage.

*Besse.* If thou hast so much courage, the Captaine shall  
accept thee.

*Clem.* If I have so much courage? When did you see  
a blacke beard with a whitelyvor, or a little fellow with-  
out a tall stomacke. I doubt not but to prove an honour  
to all the Drawers in Cornwall.

*Goodl.* What now remaines?

*Fors.* To make my selfe astotiate in this bold enterprise.

*Goodl.* Most gladly sir.  
And now our number's full, what's to be done,

*Besse.* First, at my charge Ile feast the towne of Foy,

# 46. The faire Maid of the West :

Then set the Cellers ope, that these my Mates  
May quaffe unto the health of our boone voyaige,  
Our needfull things being once convay'd aboard,  
Then casting up our caps inigne of joy,  
Our purpose is to bid farewell to Foy.

*Hoboyes long.*

Enter *Mullisbeg, Bashaw Alcade, and Ioffer:*  
with other Attendants.

*Mullisb.* Out of these bloody and intestine broiles  
Wee have at length attain'd a fort'nate peace,  
And now at last establisht in the Throne  
Of our great Ancestors, and raigne King  
Of Fesse and great Morocco.

*Alcade.* Mighty *Mullisbeg,*  
Pride of our age, and glory of the Moores;  
By whose victorious hand ali Barbary  
Is conquer'd, aw'd, and swai'd: behold thy vassalls  
With loud applauses greet thy victory. *Shows. flourishes.*

*Mull.* Upon the slaughtered bodies of our foes,  
We mount our high Tribunall, and being sole  
VVithout competitor, we now have leisure  
To establish lawes first for our Kingdome's safetie,  
The enriching of our publique Treasury,  
And last our state and pleasure: then give order  
That all such Christian Merchants as have traffique  
And freedome in our Country, that conceale  
The least part of our Custome due to us,  
Shall forfeit ship and goods.

*Ioff.* There are appointed  
Vnto that purpose carefull officers.

*Mull.* Thoſe forfeitures must help to furnish up  
Th' exhausted treasure that our wars conſum'd,  
Part of ſuch proffit as accrue that way  
VVe have already rafteſt.

*Alc.*

*Alc.* Tis most fit,  
Those Christians that reape profit by our Land  
Should contribute unto so great a losse.

*Mull.* *Alcade*, They shill. But what's the style of King  
Without his pleasure? Finde us concubines,  
The fayrest Christian Damsells you can hire,  
Or buy for gold: the loueliest of the Moores  
We can command, and Negroes every where:  
Italians, French, and Dutch, choise Turkish Girles  
Must fill our Alkedavy, the great Pallace,  
Where *Mullifleg* now daines to keepe his Court.

*Ioffer.* Who else are worthy to be Libertines,  
But such as beare the Sword?

*Mull.* *Ioffer*, Thou pleasest us.  
If Kings on earth be termed Demi-gods,  
Why should we not make here terrestriall heaven?  
We can, wee will, our God shall be our pleasure,  
For so our *Mecan* Prophet warrants us.  
And now the musicke of the Drums surcease,  
We'll learne to dance to the soft tunes of peace.

*Hahoyes.*

Enter *Besse* like a Sea-captaine, *Goodlacke*, *Roughman*,  
*Forset*, and *Clem*.

*Bess.* Good morrow Captaine. Oh this last Sea-fight  
Was gallantly perform'd. It did me good  
To see the Spanish Carveile vaile her top  
Unto my Maiden Flag. Where ride we now?

*Goodl.* Among the Islands.

*Bess.* What coast is this wee now descriy from faire.

*Goodl.* Yon Fort's call'd Fiall.

*Bess.* Is that the place where *Spencer*'s body lies?

*Goodl.* Yes, in yon Church hee's buried.

*Besse.* Then know, to this place was my voyage bound  
To fetch the body of my *Spencer* thence.

# 48 The faire Maid of the West:

In his owne Country to erect a tombe,  
And lasting monument, where when I die  
In the same bed of earth my bones may lye.  
Then all that love me, arme and make for shore,  
Yours be the spoile, he mine, I crave no more.

*Rough.* May that man dye derided and accurst  
That will not follow where a woman leades.

*Goodl.* Roughman, you are too rash, and counsell ill,  
Have not the Spaniards fortifide the towne?  
In all our Gingē we are but sixty five.

*Rough.* Come, Ile make one.

*Goodl.* Attend me good Lieutenant,  
And sweet Bessē, listen what I have devis'd,  
With ten tall Fellowes I have man'd our Boar,  
To see what stragling Spaniards they can take.  
And see where Forset is return'd with prisoners.

*Enter Forset with two Spaniards.*

*Forf.* These Spaniards we by breake of day surpris'd,  
As they were ready to take boat for Fishing.

*Goodl.* Spaniards, upon your lives resolve us truly  
How strong's the Towne and Fort.

*Span.* Since English Rawleigh wan and spoil'd it first,  
The Towne's reedifide, and Fort new built,  
And foure Field-peeces in the Block-house lye  
To keepe the Harbours mouth.

*Goodl.* And what's one ship to these?

*Besse.* Was there not in the time of their aboad  
A Gentleman call'd Spenser buryed there  
Within the Church, whom some report was slaine,  
Or perisht by a wound?

*Span.* Indeed there was,  
And ore him rais'd a goodly monument,  
But when the English Navy were sail'd thence,  
And that the Spaniards did possesse the Towne,  
Because they held him for an Heretike,  
They straight remov'd his body from the Church.

*Besse.*

*Bes.* And would the tyrants be so uncharitable  
To wrong the dead? where did they then bestow him?

*Span.* They buryed him i' th' fields.

*Besse.* Oh still more cruell.

*Span.* The man that ought the field, doubtfull his corne  
Would never prosper whilst an hereticks body  
Lay there, hee made petition to the Church  
To ha' it digd up and burnt, and so it was.

*Besse.* What's he that loves me would perswade me live,  
Not rather leape ore hatches into th' Sea:  
Yet ere I die I hope to be reveng'd  
Vpon some Spaniards for my *Spencers* wrong.

*Rough.* Let's first begin with these.

*Bess.* Las these poore slaves! besides their pardond lives  
One give them money. And Spaniards where you come,  
Pray for *Besse Bridges*, and speake well o' th' English.

*Span.* We shall.

*Bess.* Our mourning wee will turne into revenge,  
And since the Church hath censur'd so my *Spencer*,  
Bestow upon the Church some few cast Peeces,  
Command the Gunner do't.

*Goodl.* And if he can to batter it to the earth. *A Pece.*

*Enter Clem falling for baste.*

*Clem.* A Saile, a Saile.

*Besse.* From whence?

*Clem.* A pox upon yon Gunner, could he not giue war-  
ning before he had shot?

*Rough.* Why I prethee?

*Clem.* Why? I was sent to the top-mast to watch, and  
there I fell fast asleepe. Bounce quoth the guns, downe  
tumbles *Clem*, and if by chance my feet had not hung in  
the tackles, you must have sent to England for a bone-  
setter, for my necke had beene in a pittifull taking,

*Rough.* Thou toldst us of a Saile.

50 *The faire Maid of the West:*

*Enter Sailor above.*

*Sailor.* Arme Gentlemen, a gallant ship of warre  
Makes with her full sailes this way : who it seemes  
Hath tooke a Barke of England.

*Besse.* Which wee'll rescue.  
Or perish in th'adventure. You have sworne  
That howsoere we conquer or miscary  
Not to reveale my sex:

*All.* Wee have.

*Bess.* Then for your Couneries honor, my revenge,  
For your owne fame, and hope of golden spoile,  
Stand bravely to't. The manage of the fight  
We leauet to you.

*Go.* Then now up with your fightes, & let your ensignes  
Blest with S. Georges Crosse, play with the windes.  
Faire *Besse*, keepe you your cabin.

*Besse.* Captaine you wrong me, I will face the fight,  
And where the bulletts sing loudest 'bout mine eares,  
There shall you finde me chearing up my men.

*Rough.* This wench woud of a coward make an Hercules.

*Besse.* Trumpets a charge, and with your whistles shrill  
Sound boatswaynes an alarum to your mates.  
With musick cheare up their astonisht soules,  
The whilst the thundring Ordnance beare the Base.

*Goodl.* To fight against the Spaniards we desire,  
Alarme Trumpets.

*Rough.* Gunners straight give fire. *Alarme.* *Shot.*

*Enter Goodlacke hurt, Besse, Roughman,  
Forset, Clem.*

*Goodl.* I am shot and can no longer man the Decke,  
Yet let not my wound daunt your courage mates.

*Besse.* For every drop of blood that thou hast shed,  
We have a Spaniards life. Advance your Targets,  
And now cry all, Boord, boord, amaine for England.

*Alarme.*

*Enter*

# or, a Girle worth gold.

51

Enter with victory *Besse*, *Roughman*, *Forset*, *Clem*, &c.  
*The Spaniards Prisoners.*

*Besse.* How is it with the Captaine?

*Rough.* Nothing dangerous,

But being shot i' th' thigh hee keepes his Cabin,  
And cannot rise to greet your victory.

*Besse.* He stood it bravely out whilst he could stand.

*Clem.* But for these Spaniards, now you *Don Diegoes*,  
You that made *Paales* to stinke.

*Roughm.* Before we further censure them, let's know  
What English prisoners they have here aboord.

*Span.* You may command them all. We that were now  
Lords ouer them, Fortune hath made your slaves,  
Release our prisoners.

*Besse.* Had my captaine dide  
Not one proud Spaniard had escap'd with life,  
Your ship is forfeit to us, and your goods.  
So live. Give him his long Boate: him and his  
Set safe ashore; and pray for English *Besse*.

*Sp.* I know not whom you meane, but bee't your Queen  
Famous *Elizabeth*, I shall report  
She and her subjects both are mercifull. *Exeunt-*

*Enter Roughman, with the Merchant and Spencer.*

*Bess.* Whence are you sir? and whither were you bound?

*Merch.* I am a London bound for Barbary,  
But by this Spanish Man-of-warre surpris'd,  
Pillag'd and captiv'd.

*Besse.* We much pity you,  
What losse you have sustain'd, this Spanish prey  
Shall make good to you to the utmost farthing.

*Merc.* Our lives, and all our fortunes whatsoever  
Are wholly at your service.

*Besse.* These Gentlemen have been dejected long,  
Let me peruse them all, and give them money

H 2

To

52 *The faire Maid of the West:*

To drinke our health, and pray forget not Sirs,  
To pray for —— Hold, support me, or I faint.

*Roughm.* What sudden unexpected extasie  
Disturbs your conquest.

*Besse.* Interrupt me not,  
But give me way for Heavens sake.

*Spencer.* I have seene a fact ere now like that yong Gen:  
But not remember where. (tlemian,

*Besse.* But he was slaine,  
Lay buried in yon Church, and thence remov'd,  
Denyde all Chhristian rights, and like an Infidell  
Confinde unto the fields, and thence digd up,  
His body after death had marryrdome :  
All these assure me tis his shadow dogs me,  
For some most just revenge thus farre to Sea.  
Is it because the Spaniards scap'd with life,  
That were to thee so cruell after death  
Thou hauntst me thus ? Sweet ghost thy rage forbear,  
I will revenge thee on the next we seaze.  
I am amaz'd, this sight Ile not endure.  
Sleepe, sleepe, faire ghost, for thy revenge is sure.

*Roug.* Forset, convey the owner to his cabin.

*Spenceer.* I pray sir what young Gentleman is that ?

*Roughg.* Hee's both the owner of the ship and goods,  
That for some reasons hath his name conceal'd.

*Spencer.* Me thinke he lookes like *Besse*, for in his eyes  
Lives the first love that did my heart surprise.

*Roughm.* Come Gentlemen, first make your losses good  
Out of this Spanish prize. Let's then divide  
Both severall wayes, and heavens be our guide.

*Merc.* We towards Mamorrah.

*Roughm.* We where the Fates doe please,  
Till we have tract a wildernesse of Seas.

*Floriss.*

*Enter*

Enter Chorus.

Our Stage so lamely can expresse a Sea,  
 That we are forst by *Chorus* to discourse  
 What should have beene in action. Now imagine  
 Her passion ore, and *Goodlacke* well recoverd,  
 Who had he not been wounded and scene *Spencer*,  
 Had sure descride him. Muchprise they have tanè,  
 The French and Dutch she spares, onely makes spoile  
 Of the rich Spaniard, and the barbarous Turke.  
 And now her fame growes great in all these seas.  
 Suppose her rich, and forst for want of water  
 To put into Mamorrah in Barbary,  
 Where wearied with the habit of a man,  
 She was discoverd by the Moores aboord,  
 Which told it to the amorous King of Fesse,  
 That ne'er before had English Lady scene.  
 He sends for her on shore, how he receives her,  
 How she and *Spencer* meer, must next succeed.  
 Sit patient then, when these are fully told,  
 Some may hap say, I, there's a Girle worth gold.

Exeunt. *Act long.*Explicit *Actus quartus.**Actus quintus. Scena prima.*Enter *Mullisbeg*, *Alcade*, *Ioffer*, and *Attendants*, &c.*Mullisbeg.**B.* Ut was she of such presence?*Alc.* To decribe her were to make eloquence dumb.*Mull.* Well habited?*Alc.* I ne'er beheld a beauty more compleat.*Mull.* Thou hast inflam'd our spirits. In England borne?

# 54 The faire Maid of the West:

Alc. The Captaine so reported.

Mull. How her ship?

Alc. I never saw a braver Vessell saile,  
And she is call'd *The Negro*.

Mull. Ominous

Perhaps to our good fate, She in a Negro  
Hath sail'd thus farre to bosome with a Moore,  
But for the motion made to come ashore,  
How did she relish that?

Alc. I promist to the Captaine large reward  
To winne him to it, and this day he hath promist  
To bring me her free answer.

Mull. When he comes  
Give him the entertainment of a Prince.

Enter a Moore.

The newes with thee?

Moore. The Captaine of *The Negro* craves admittance  
Vnto your Highnesse presence;

Mul. A Guard attend him, and our noblest Bashawes  
Conduct him safe where we will parly him. *Flourish.*

Enter Goodlacke, and Roughman.

Goodl. Long live the high and mighty King of Fesse.

Mull. If thou bringst her then dost thou bring me life.  
Say, will she come?

Goodl. She will my Lord, but yet conditionally  
She may be free from violence.

Mull. Now by the mighty Prophet we adore,  
She shall live Lady of her free desires,  
Tis love, not force, must quench our amorous fires.

Rough. We will conduct her to your presence straight.

Mul. We will have banquets, revels, and what not  
To entertaine this stranger. *Hoboyes.*

Enter Bess Bridges vail'd, Goodlack, Roughman, Forset,  
and Moores.

A goodly presence! why's that beauty vail'd?

Bess.

*Besse.* Long live the King of Fesse.

*Mull.* I am amaz'd,

This is no mortall creature I behold,  
But some bright Angeli that is dropt from heaven,  
Sent by our prophet. Captaine, let me thus  
Imbrace thee in my armes. Load him with gold  
For this great favour.

*Bess.* Captaine, touch it not,

Know King of Fesse my followers want no gold,  
I lonely came to see thee for my pleasure,  
And shew thee, what these say thou never saw'st,  
A woman borne in England.

*Mull.* That English earth may well be term'd a heaven,  
That breedes such divine beauties. Make me sure  
That thou art mortall, by one friendly touch.

*Besse.* Keepe off: for till thou swearst to my demands  
I will have no commerce with *Mullisbeg*,  
But leave thee as I came.

*Mull.* Were't halfe my Kingdome,  
That beautious English Virgin, thou shalt have.

*Besse.* Captaine reade.

*Goodl.* First, libertie for her and hers to leave the Land  
at her pleasure.

Next, safe conduct to and from her ship at her owne  
discretion.

Thirdly, to be free from all violence, cyther by the King  
or any of his people.

Fourthly, to allow her mariners fresh victuals aboord.

Fiftly, to offer no further violence to her person, then  
what hee seekes by kingly usage, and free intreay.

*Mull.* To these I vow and seale.

*Besse.* These being assur'd  
Your courtship's free, and henceforth we secur'd.

*Mull.* Say Gentlemen of England, what's your fashion  
And garbe of entertainment?

*Goodl.* Our first greeting

## 58 The faire Maid of the West:

Begins still on the lips.

*Mul.* Fayre creature, shall I be immortaliz'd  
With that high favour?

*Besse.* Tis no immodest thing  
You aske, nor shame, for *Besse* to kisse a King.

*Mul.* This kisse hath all my vitalls extasie.

*Rou.* Captain this king is mightily in love. VVe let her  
Doe as she list, Ile make use of his bounty.

*Goodl.* We shold be mad men else.

*Mullish.* Grace me so much as take your seat by me.

*Besse.* Ile be so farre commanded.

*Mull.* Sweet, your age?

*Besse.* Not fully yet seaventeene.

*Mul.* But how your birth? how came you to this wealth,  
To have such Gentlemen at your command?  
And what your cause of travell?

*Besse.* Mighty Prince,  
If you desire to see me beat my brest,  
Poure forth a river of increasing teares,  
Then you may urge me to that sad discourse.

*Mul.* Not for Mamorrah's wealth, nor all the gold  
Coyn'd in rich Barbary. Nay sweet arise,  
And aske of me be't halfe this kingdomes treasure,  
And thou art Lady on't.

*Besse.* If I shall aske, 't must be, you will not give.  
Our country breedes no beggers, for our hearts  
Are of more noble temper.

*Mull.* Sweet, your name?

*Besse.* Elizabeth.

*Mull.* There's vertue in that name.

The Virgin Queene so famous through the world,  
The mighty Empresse of the maiden-Ile,  
Whose predecessors have ore-runne great France,  
Whose powerfull hand doth still support the Dutch,  
And keepes the potent King of Spaine in awe,  
Is not she titled so?

*Besse.*

*Besse.* She is.

*Mull.* Hath she her selfe a face so faire as yours  
When she appeares for wonder.

*Besse.* Mighty *Fesse*,

You cast a blush upon my maiden cheeke,  
To patterne me with her. Why Englands *Queene*  
She is the onely Phœnix of her age,  
The pride and glory of the Westerne Isles:  
Had I a thousand tongues they all would tyre  
And faile me in her true description.

*Mull.* Grant me this,

To morrow we supply our Judgement-seate,  
And sentence causes, sit with us in state,  
And let your presence beautifie our Throne.

*Bess.* In that I am your servant.

*Mul.* And we thine.

Set on in state, attendants, and full traine:  
But finde to aske, we vow thou shalt obtaine.

Enter *Clem*, *manet Goodlacke*.

*Clem.* It is not now as when *Andrea* liv'd,  
Or rather *Andrew* our elder Journeyman: what, Drawers  
become Courtiers? Now may I speake with the old ghost  
in *Ieronimo*;  
When this eternall substance of my soule  
Did live imprisoned in this wanton flesh,  
I was a Courtier in the Court of *Fesse*.

*Goodl.* Oh well done *Clem*. It is your Mistris pleasure  
None come a shore that's not well habited.

*Clem.* Nay for mine owne part, I hold my selfe as good  
a Christian in these cloaths, as the proudest Infidell of  
them all.

Enter *Alcado* and *Ioffer*.

*Alcado.* Sir, by your leave, y'are of the English traine?

*Clem.* I am so thou great Monarch of the Mauritanians.

*Ioff.* The tis the Kings command we give you al attendance

*Clem.*

## 58 The faire Maid of the West:

Clem. Great Seignior of the Sarazens I thanke thee.

Ale. Will you walke in to banquet?

Clem. I will make bold to march in towards your banquet, and there comfit my selfe, and cast all carawayes downe my throat, the best way I have to conserve my selfe in health: and for your countries sake which is called Barberie, I will love all Barbers and Barberies the better: And for you Moores, thus much I meane to say, Ile see if Moore I eate the Moore I may.

Enter two Merchants.

1. Merch. I pray sir are you of the English traine?

Clem. Why what art thou my friend?

1 Mer. Sir, a French merchant runne into relapse, And forfeit of the Law: heres for you sir Forty good Barberie peeces to deliver Your Lady this petition, who I heare, Can all things with the King.

Clem. Your gold doth binde me to you: you may see what it is to be a sudden Courtier. I no sooner put my nose into the Court, but my hand itches for a bribe already. What's your businesse my friend?

2 Mer. Some of my men for a little outrage done Are sentenc'd to the Gallyes.

Clem. To the Gallowes?

2 Mer. No, to the Gallies: now could your Lady purchase Their pardon from the King, heres twenty angels?

Clem. What are you sir?

2 Merc. A Florentine Merchant.

Clem. Then you are, as they say, a Christian?

2 Mer. Heaven forbid else.

Clem. I should not have the faith to take your gold else. Attend on mee, Ile speake in your behalfe. Where be my Bashawes? usher us in state, Florish. And when we fit to banquet see you waite. Exit.

Enter Spencers solus.

Spenc. This day the king ascends his royll throne,

The

The honest Merchant in whose ship I came,  
Hath by a cunning quiddit in the Law  
Both ship and goods made forfeit to the king,  
To whom I will petition. But no more,  
Hee's now upon his entrance. *Hoboyes.*

*Enter the King, Besse, Goodlacke, Roughman, Alcade, Ioffer,  
with all the other Traine.*

*Mull.* Here seat thee Maid of England like a Queene,  
The style wee'll give thee, wilt thou daigne us love.

*Besse.* Blesse me you holy Angels.

*Mull.* What ist offends you Sweet?

*Spenc.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to think on't.

*Besse.* Captaine, dost not see? Is not that Spencers ghost?

*Goodl.* I see, and like you I am extasie.

*Spenc.* If mine eyes mistake not,  
That should be Captaine Goodlacke, and that Besse.  
But oh, I cannot be so happy.

*Goodl.* Tis he, and Ile salute him.

*Besse.* Captaine stay,  
You shall be swaide by me.

*Spenc.* Him I wel know, but how should she come hither

*Mull.* What ist that troubles you?

*Besse.* Most mighty king,  
Spare me no longer time, but to bestow  
My Captaine on a message.

*Mull.* Thou shalt command my silence, and his eare.

*Besse.* Goe winde about, and when you see least eyes  
Are fixt on you, single him out and see  
If we mistake not. If he be the man,  
Give me some private note.

*Goodl.* This.

*Bess.* Enough. VVhat said you highnesse?

*Mull.* Harke what I profer thee, Continue here,  
And grant me full fruition of thy love.

# 60 The faire Maid of the West:

Bes. Good.

Mul. Thou shalt have all my Peeres to honour thee  
Next our great prophet.

Besse. Well.

Mul. And when th'art weary of our Sun-burnt clime,  
Thy Negro shall be ballast home with gold.

Bess. I am eterniz'd ever.

Now all you sad disasters dare your worst,  
I neither care nor feare : my *Spencer* lives.

Mul. You minde me not sweet Virgin.

Besse. You talke of love.

My Lord, Ie tell you more of that hereafter.  
But now to your State-businesse : bid him doe thus  
No more, and not be seene till then.

Goodl. Enough : come sir, you must along with me.

Bess. Now stood a thousand deaths before my face,  
I would not change my cheare, since *Spencer's* safe.

Enter Clem and the Merchants.

Clem. By your leave my Masters : roome for Generosity.

1 Merch. Pray sir remember me.

2 Merch. Good sir, my suit.

Clem. I am perfect in both your parts without prompting,  
Mistresse, here are two christen friends of mine haue for-  
feiter shippes and men to the black a Morrian king. Now one  
sweet word from your lips might get their release. I have  
had a feeling of the businesse already.

Mul. For dealing in commodities forbid  
Y'are fin'd a thousand duckats.

Besse. Cast off the burden of your heavy doome,  
A follower of my traine petitions for him.

Mul. One of thy traine, sweet Besse ?

Clem. And no worse man then my selfe sir.

Mul. Well sirrah, for your Ladies sake,  
His ship and goods shall be restor'd againe.

2 Mer. Long live the King of Fesse.

Clem.

*Clem.* Maist thou never want sweet water to wash thy  
blacke face in, most mighty Monarke of Morocco.  
Mistris, another friend, I, and paid before hand.

*Mull.* Sirrah, your men for outrage and contempt  
Are doom'd unto the Gallies.

*Bess.* Accensure too severe for Christians.  
Great King, Ile pay their ransome.

*Mul.* Thou my *Besse*?  
Thy word shall be their ransome, th'are discharg'd.  
What grave old man is that?

*Ioff.* A Christian Preacher, one that would convert  
Your Moores, and turne them to a new beliefe.

*Mall.* Then he shall die, as wee are king of Fesse.

*Bes.* For these I onely spake, for him I kneele,  
If I have any grace with mighty Fesse.

*Mul.* We can deny thee nothing beautious maid,  
A kisse shall be his pardon.

*Bes.* Thus I pay't.

*Clem.* Must your blacke face be smooching my Mistresses  
white lips with a moorian. I would you had kist her a —

*Alc.* Ha, how is that sir?

*Clem.* I know what I say sir, I would he had kist her a —

*Alcade.* A- what?

*Clem.* A thousand times to have done him a pleasure.

*Enter Spencer and Goodlacke.*

*Mull.* That kisse was worth the ransome of a King.  
What's he of that brave presence?

*Besse.* A Gentleman of England, and my friend,  
Doe him some grace for my sake.

*Mull.* For thy sake what would not I performe?  
Hee shall have grace and honour, *Ioffer*, goe  
And see him gelded to attend on us,  
He shall be our chiefe Eunuch.

*Besse.* Not for ten worlds. Behold great king I stand  
Betwixt him and all danger. Have I found thee?  
Ceaze what I have, take both my ship and goods,

## 62 The faire Maid of the West:

Leave nought that's mine unrifled : spare me him,  
And have I found my *Spencer* !

*Clem.* Please your Majestic, I see all men are not capable  
of honour, what he refuseth, may it please you to bestow  
on me.

*Mull.* With all my heart. Goe beare him hence *Alcades*,  
Into our Alkedavy, honour him,  
And let him taste the razor.

*Clem.* There's honour for me.

*Alc.* Come follow.

*Clem.* No sir, Ile goe before you for mine honour. *Exit.*

*Spenc.* Oh shew your selfe renowned king the same  
Fame blazons you: bestow this Maid on me,  
Tis such a gift as kingdomes cannot buy :  
She is a president of all true love,  
And shall be registred to after times,  
That ne'er shall patterne her.

*Goodl.* Heard you the story of their constant love.  
'Twould move in you compassion.

*Rough.* Let not intemperate love sway you bove pitty,  
That forraigne nation that ne'er heard your name,  
May chronicle your vertues.

*Mull.* You have wakend in me an heroick spirit :  
Lust shall not conquer vertue. Till this hewer  
We grac'd thee for thy beauty English woman,  
But now we wonder at thy constancy.

*Bes.* Oh were you of our faith, Ide swaere great *Mullisbeg*  
To be a god on earth. And lives my *Spencer* ?  
In troath I thought thee dead.

*Spenc.* In hope of thee  
I liv'd to gaine both life and libertie.

Enter *Clem* running.

*Clem.* No more of your honour if you love me. Is this  
your Moorish preferment to rob a man of his best jewels ?

*Mul.* Hast thou seene our Alkedavy ?

*Clem.*

*Clem.* Davy doe you call him? he may be call'd shaved  
I am sure he hath tickled my currant commodity,  
No more your cutting honour if you love me.

*Mul.* All your strange fortunes we will heare discou'ret  
And after that your faire espousals grace,  
If you can finde a man of your beliefe  
To doe that gratefull office.

*Spenc.* None more fit  
Then this religious and grave Gentleman  
Late rescewed from death's sentence.

*Preacher.* None more proud  
To doe you that poore service.

*Mul.* Noble Englishman,  
I cannot fasten bounty to my will,  
Worthy thy merit, move some suite to us.

*Spencer.* To make you more renown'd great king, and us  
The more indebted, theres an Englishman  
Hath forfeited his ship for goods uncustom'd.

*Mul.* Thy suite is granted ere it be halfe begg'd,  
Dispose them at thy pleasure.

*Spenc.* Mighty king  
We are your Highnesse servants.

*Mul.* Come beautious Maid, wee'll see thee crown'd a  
At all our pompous banquets these shall waite. (bride,  
Thy followers and thy servants press'd with gold,  
And not the meanest that to thy traine belongs,  
But shall approve our bounty. Leade in state,  
And wheresoe'er thy fame shall be inroll'd,  
The world report thou art a Girle worth gold.

*Explicit Actus quintus.*

**FINIS.**

2121

# THE FAIR MAID

OF THE WEST.

OR,  
*A Girle worth gold.*

The second part.

As it was lately acted before the King and  
Queen, with approved liking.

By the Queens Majesties Comedians.

---

Written by T.H.

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LONDON,

Printed for Richard Royston, and are to be sold  
at his Shop in Ivie Lane. 1631.

# ЗНІ СІАМ ЯІАР

THE VINTAGE

ગુજરાતી લાટિન લિપિની વિદ્યા

## ANSWER



To the true favourer of the  
Muses, and all good Arts, Thomas  
Hammon, Esquire, of Graies  
Inne, &c.

  
He first part of this work  
I bestowed upon your  
friend Mr. John Othow, the  
second I have confer'd up-  
on you, both being incor-  
porated into one House,  
and noble Societie. The proximitie in your  
Chambers, and much familiar conference,  
having bred a mutuall correspondencie be-  
twixt you. The prime motive inviting me  
to this Dedication; the much love, and ma-  
ny courtesies reflecting upon me from you  
both: Being the rather encouraged thereunto,  
that though the subject it self carry no  
great countenance in the Title, yet it hath  
not onely past the censure of the Plebe and  
Gentrie; but of the Patricians and Prætex-  
tatæ: as also of our royll Augustus and Li-

# The Epistle Dedicatore.

via. The reason why I have selected you my Patrons, was to exclude my self from the number of those of whom *Iuvenal* speaks,  
*Satyre 7.* *TO THY LOVING SERVANT,*

*Scire volunt omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.*

Please you at any of your more leasur'd houres, to vouchsafe the perusall of these sleight papers, your acceptance shall be my recompence. Receive my wishes for your earths happinesse in *millions*, for your heavens blisse in *myriads*. Taking my leave of you with that in *Adelph.*

*Nunquam ita magnifice quicquam dicam,*

*Id virtus quin superet tua.*

Yours plenally devoted

**THOMAS HEYWOOD.**

**To**

**& A**



## To the READER.

**V**erteous Reader, if thou beest tired in the first part, I would not wish thee to be travel'd in the second; but I hope much better, and that thou didst leave in the last, as one that came late to his Inne to rest himself for that night, onely with purpose to go on with the second, as he that riseth early the next morning (having refresh't himself) to proceed on his journey. By this time you cannot choose but be acquainted with the most of our Acts, but not with all; and more particularly for Spencer, and his westerne Besse. With these Countreymen of ours in their fellowship, you have heard the beginning of their troubles, but are not yet come to the end of their travells; in which you may accompany them on land, without the prejudice of deep wayes, or robbers; and by Sea, free from the danger of rocks or Pirates; as neither using horse or ship, more then this book in thine hand, and thy chaire in thy chamber. More complement I purpose not, and (I hope) thou expectest not. Farewell.

One studious to be thine.

T. H.



## Dramatis Personæ.

<b>T</b> oota, Queen of Fesse, and wife of Mullisheg. By Theophilus Bourne	<i>A Guard.</i>
<i>Bashaw Ioffer.</i>	<i>ANegro.</i>
<i>Ruffman.</i>	<i>A Chorus.</i>
<i>Clem, the Clown.</i>	<i>ACaptain of the Bandetti.</i>
<i>Mullisheg, King of Fesse.</i>	<i>The D. of Florence, with followers. By Mr. Ioh. Somner.</i>
<i>Bashaw Alcade. By Mr. An- thonic Turner.</i>	<i>The Duke of Mantua. By Rob. Axall.</i>
<i>Mr. Spencer.</i>	<i>The D. of Farara. By Chri- stoph. Goad.</i>
<i>Capt. Goodlacke.</i>	<i>An English Merchant.</i>
<i>Forset.</i>	<i>Two Florentine lords.</i>
<i>Belle Bridges.</i>	<i>Pedro Venturo, Generall at Sea for the D. of Florence.</i>
<i>A Porter of the kings gate.</i>	
<i>A Lieutenant of the Moors.</i>	





# THE FAIRE MAID of the VWest: OR, A Girle worth Gold.

---

*The second part.*

---

*Enter Tota Mullishegs wife.*

*Tota.*

*I* must not, may not, shall not be  
indur'd:  
Lest we for this our Country  
to be made  
A meere neglected Lady here in  
*Fesse*,  
A slave to others, but a scorne to  
all?

Can womanish ambition, heat of blood,  
Or height of birth brooke this, and not revenge?  
Revenge? on whom? on mighty *Mullisbeg*? —  
We are not safe then; On the English stranger?  
And why on her, when thers no apprehension  
That can in thought pollute her innocence?  
Yet something I must doe. What? nothing yet?  
Nor must we live neglected; I should doubt  
I were a perfect woman, but degenerate

# The faire Maid of the West :

From mine owné sex if I should suffer this :  
I have a thousand projects in my braine,  
But can bring none to purpose.

Enter Basbaw Ioffer.

Ioff. Cal'd your Majestie ?

Tota. No, yet I thinke I did ; be gone, yet stay.  
Will not this mishapt Embrion grow to forme ?  
Not yet ? nor yet ?

Ioff. I attend your highnesse pleasure.

Tota. 'Tis perfect, and I hate,  
I am ambitious but to thinke upon't,  
And if it prove as I have fashiond it,  
I shall be trophide ever.

Ioff. I wait still.

Tota. The King no way in perill, she secure,  
None harm'd, all pleas'd, I sweetly satisfied,  
And yet reveng'd at full. Braine, I for this  
Will wreath thee in a glorious arch of gold,  
Stuck full of Indian gemmes. But Tota, whom  
Wilt thou employ in this ? the Moores are treacherous,  
And them we dare not trust.

Ioff. You neede not mee.

Tot. Say, wher's the King ?

Ioff. I' th Presence.

Tot. How ?

Ioff. Distempered late, and strangely humerous,  
The cause none can conjecture.

Tot. Send in his sweet heart,  
And were his owne heart double rib'd with brasse,  
Yet she would search the inmost of his thoughts.  
No, 'tis not her on whom I build my project.  
Is the King upon his entrance ?

Ioff. 'Tis thought he is,  
If so, this sudden strange distemperature  
Hath not his purpose altered.

Tota

# or, a Girle worth gold.

*Tot.* You have now leave  
To leave us and attend the King,

*Ioff.* I shall.

*Tot.* If any of the English Ladies traine  
Come in your way, you may request them hither,  
Say, we would question some things of their countrey.

*Ioff.* Madam, I shall.

*Tot.* Then on to your attendance, what we must,  
Weele worke by th' English, these we dare not trust.

Enter *Clem* meeting *Ioffer*.

*Ioff.* 'Tis the Queenes pleasure you attend her.

*Clem.* The Queene speake with me? Can you tell the  
busynesse? A murren of these barbers of Barberie, they  
have given me a receipt, that scape the collicke as well as  
I can, I shall be sure never to be troubled with the stone.

*Ioff.* Yonder she walkes. I leave ye.

*Tot.* Now sir, you are of England?

*Clem.* And I thinke you are a witch.

*Tot.* How sirrah?

*Clem.* A foolish proverbe we use in our countrey, which  
to give you in other words, is as much as to say, You have  
hit the naile on the head.

*Tot.* And servant to the English *Elizabeth*,  
So great in Court by mighty *Mullisbeg*,  
You follow her?

*Clem.* I must confesse I am not her Gentleman usher to  
goe before her, for that way as the case stands with mee  
now, I can doe her but small pleasure, I doe follow her.

*Tot.* You have seen both nations, England and our  
Fesse, how doe our people differ?

*Clem.* Our countreymen eate and drinke as yours doe  
for all the world, open their eyes when they would see,  
and shut them againe when they would sleepe: when  
they goe they set one leg before another, and gape when  
their mouthes open, as yours eate when they have sto-

# The faire Maid of the West :

micks, scratch when it itcheth : onely I hold our nation to be the cleanlier.

*Tot.* Cleanlier, wherein ?

*Clem.* Because they never sit downe to meat with such soule hands and faces.

*Tot.* But how your Ladies and choice Gentlewomen ?

*Clem.* You shall meete some of them sometimes as fresh as flowers in May, and as faire as my Mistrisse, and within an hower the same Gentlewoman as blacke as your selfe, or any of your Morians.

*Tot.* Can they change faces so ? not possible : shew me some reason for't.

*Clem.* When they put on their maskes.

*Tot.* Miskes, what are they ?

*Clem.* Please you to put off yours, and Ile tell you.

*Tot.* We weare none but that which nature hath bestowed on us, and our births give us freely.

*Clem.* And our Ladies weare none but what the shoppes yeeld, and they buy for their money.

*Tot.* Canst thou be secret to me Englishman ?

*Clem.* Yes, and chaste too, I have tane a medicine for't.

*Tot.* Be fixt to me in what I shall employ thee, Constant and private unto my designes, More grace and honour I will do to thee, Then ere thou didst receive from *Mullisbeg*.

*Clem.* Grace and honour ? his grace and honour was to take away some part, and she would honour me to take away all : Ile see you damn'd as deep as the blacke father of your generation the devill first.

*Tot.* Mistake me not.

*Clem.* Nay if you were with childe with a young princely devill, and had a minde to any thing that's here, Ile make you lose your longing.

*Tot.* Sure this fellow is some sot.

*Clem.* Grace and honour, quotha.

Enter

# or, a Girle worth gold.

Enter Ruffman.

Ruff. How now Clem, whither in such post hast?

Clem. There, if you will have any grace and honour, you may pay fort as deare as I have done; 'sfoot I have little enough left, I would faine carry home something into my own countrey.

Ruff. Why, what's the matter? I prethee stay.

Clem. No, Lieutenant you shall pardon me, nor I, the room is too hot for me: He be gone, do you stay at your own perill: He be no longer a prodigall, He keep what I have.

Exit Clem.

Tot. This should have better sense, He next prove him.

Ruff. Excuse me mighty Princesse, that my boldnesse hath prest thus far into your privacies.

Tot. You no way have offended; nay, come neare, We love to grace a stranger.

Ruff. 'Twas my ignorance, And no pretended boldnesse.

Tot. I have observed you To be of some command amongst the English, Nor make I question but that you may be Of fair revennues.

Ruff. A poore Gentleman.

Tot. Weel make thee rich; spend that.

Ruff. Your graces bounty Exceeds what merit can make good in me: I am your highnesse servant.

Tot. Let that jewell be worne as our high favour.

Ruff. 'Sfoot I think This Queen's in love with me. Madam, I shall.

Tot. If any favour I can do in Court Can make you further gracious, speak it freely; What power we have is yours.

Ruff. Doubtlesse it is so, and I am made for ever.

# The faire Maid of the West:

Tot. Nay wee shall take it ill  
To give our selves so amply to your knowledge,  
And you not use us.

Ruff. Use us, now upon my life shée's caught:  
What, courted by a Queene? a royll Princesse;  
Where were your eyes *Besse*, that you could not see  
These hidden parts and misteries, which this Queene  
Hath in my shape observed? 'tis but a fortune  
That I was borne to, and I thanke heaven fort.

Tot. May I trust you?

Ruff. With your life, with your honour.  
Ile be as private to you as your heart  
Within your bosome, close as your owne thoughts.  
Ile bragge of this in England, that I once  
Was favourite to a Queene, my royll mistris.

Tot. If what you have already promised youle make  
Ile prove so. (good,

Ruff. Madam, let this,

Tot. What?

Ruff. This kittle.

Tot. This foole, this asse, this insolent gull.

Ruff. Why, did not your grace meane plainly?

Tot. In what, sir?

Ruff. Did you not court me?

Tot. How, that face?

Thinkest thou I could love a Monkey, a Babone?  
Know, were I mounted in the height of lust,  
And a mere prostitute, rather then thee  
Ide imbrace, one, name but that creature  
That thou dost thinke most odious.

Ruff. Pardon me Lady,  
I humbly take my leave.

Tot. Have I given you your description I pray, sir,  
Be secret in't.

Ruff. I shall be loath to tell it,  
Or publish it to any.

Tot.

# or, a Girle worth gold.

*Tot.* Yet you are not gone :

Know then you have incur'd

The Kings wrath first, our high displeasure next,

The least of which is death ; yet will you grow (poses,

More neare to us, and prove loyall unto my present pur-

I will not onely pardon you what's past.

But multiply my bounties.

*Ruff.* I am your prisoner.

*Tot.* Be free, ther's nothing can be cal'd offence,

But that in thee we pardon.

*Ruff.* I am fast.

*Tot.* And yet a free man: I am injur'd highly,

And thou must aide me in my just revenge.

*Ruff.* Were it to combate the most valiantst Moore,

That ever Fesse, Morocko, or Argiers bred,

I for your sake would doe it.

*Tot.* We seeke nor blood,

Nor to expose thee to the least of danger: (with,

I am modest, and what I dare not trust my owne tongue

Or thoughts, Ile bouldly give unto thine eares,

List: Do you shake your head, say, Is't done already?

*Ruff.* Wrong my friend?

*Tot.* Doe you cast doubts or dangers? Is not our life,

Our honour all in your hand, and will you lavish us,

Or scant that bounty should crowne you with excelle.

*Ruff.* Ile pause upon't.

*Tot.* Is not your life ours by your insolence? have not  
we power to take it?

*Ruff.* Say no more, Ile doe it.

*Tot.* But may I hope,

*Ruff.* I have cast all doubts, and know how it may be  
compast.

*Tot.* Ther's more gold, your secreste that's all I crave.

*Ruff.* To prove my selfe in this just cause I have,  
An honest man, or a pernicious knave.

*Tot.* Take the advantage of this night.

*Ruff.*

# The faire Maid of the West:

Ruff. I shall expect faire end,  
All doubts are cast.

Tot. So make a Queen thy friend.

Recorders.

Enter Mullisbeg, Ioffer, and Alcade, Spencier,  
Goodlack, Besse, and the rest.

Mul. All musick's harsh, command these discords cease,  
For we have war within us.

Besse Mighty King,  
What is't offends your highnesse?

Mul. Nothing Besse:  
Yet all things do: Oh, what did I bestow,  
When I gave her away.

Besse The Queen attends you.

Mull. Let her attend.

Tot. I, King, neglected still,  
My just revenge shall wound, although not kill.

Mull. I was a traitor to my own desires,  
To part with her so sleightly: what, no means  
To alter these proceedings?

Spenc. Strange disturbances.

Goodl. What might the project be?

Alc. May it please your Highnesse, shall the Mask go  
That was intended to grace this joviall night? (forward,

Mull. Wee'll have none,  
Let it be treason held  
To any man that shall but name our pleasure,  
Or that vain word, delight: The more I gaze,  
The more I surfei; and the more I strive  
To free me from these fires, I am deeper wrapt:  
In flames I burne.

Spenc. Your discontent, great Prince, takes from us all  
The edge of mirth: these nuptiall joyes that should  
Have swelld our souls with all the sweet varieties  
Of apprehensive wishes, with your sadnessse  
Grows dull and leaden: they have lost their taste.

# Or, a Girle worth gold.

In this your discontent all pleasures lose their sweetnesse.

*Beff.* Mighty *Fesse*,  
Hath any ignorant neglect in us  
Bred these disturbances?

*Mull.* Offence and you  
Are like the wariing elements, oppos'd.  
And *Fesse*, why a king, and not command thy pleasure?  
Is she not within our kingdome? nay, within our palace,  
And therefore in our power: is she alone  
That happiness that I desire on earth?  
Which since the heavens have given up to mine hands,  
Shall I despise their bounty? and not rather  
Run through a thousand dangers, to enjoy  
Their prodigall favours? dangers? tush, ther's none:  
We are here amidst our people, wall'd with subiects round,  
And danger is our slave: besides, our war  
Is with weak woman. Oh, but I have sworn  
And seal'd to her safe conduct; What of that?  
Can a king sware against his own desires,  
Whose welfare is the sinews of his Realm?  
I should commit high treason gainst my self,  
Not to do that might give my soul content,  
And satisfie my appetite with fulnesse. *Alcade*.

*Alcad.* My lord.

*Mull.* Rides the English Negro still within the harbour?

*Alcad.* Some league from land.

*Mull.* Lest that these English should attempt escape,  
Now they are laden fully with our bounties,  
Cast thou a watchfull eye upon these two.

*Alcad.* I shall.

*Mul.* I know their loves so fervent and entire,  
They will not part asunder, she leave him,  
Or he without her make escape to sea.  
Then while the one's in sight our hopes are safe.  
Be that thy charge.

*Alcad.* Ile be an Argus o're them.

# The faire Maid of the West:

*Goodl.* Unless the King be still in love with *Besse*,  
Repenting him of their late mariage,  
Tis beyond wonder to calculate these stormes.

*Mull.* How goes the hower?

*Alcad.* About some fower.

*Mul.* We rose too soon *Besse* from your nuptiall feasts,  
Something we tasted made us stomach sick,  
But now we finde a more contentfull change.

*Bess.* Your sunshine is our day.

*Mul.* Dispose your selves

All to your free desires ; to dancing some,  
Others to mount our stately Barberie horse,  
So famous through the world for swift carre,  
Stomack, and fierie pace.

Those that love arms,

Mount for the tilt : this day is yours, to you tis consecrate,  
He commits treason in the highest degree,  
Whose cloudy brow dares the least tempest shew  
To crosse what we intend : pleasure shall spring  
From us to flow on you.

*All.* Long live the King:

*Exeunt. Manet Goodlack.*

*Mull.* To your free pastimes ; leave us.  
Captain, stay Captain, I read a fortune in thy brow,  
More then the slight presage of augurie,  
Which tells me thou, and onely thou art mark't  
To make me earthly blest.

*Goodl.* That I can do't?

*Mull.* It lies in thee to raise thy ruin'd fortunes  
As high as is a Viceroy's, wreath thy front  
Within a circled piramis of gold,  
And to command in all our territories,  
Next to our person.

*Goodl.* Golden promises.

*Mull.* Our words are acts, our promises are deeds,

# or, a Girle worth gold.

We do not feed with ayre : it lies in thee,  
We two may grapple souls, be friends and brothers.

*Goodl.* Teach me how.

*Mull.* I do not finde thee comming : in thy looks  
I cannot spie that fresh alacritie,  
Which with a glad and sprightfull forwardnesse,  
Should meet our love half way.

*Goodl.* You wonder me.

*Mull.* No, thou art dull, or fearfull, fare thee well,  
Thou hadst a fate lade up to make thee chronicled  
In thy own Countrey, but thou wilt basely lose it,  
Even by thine own neglect.

*Goodl.* Forespeak me not,  
The Sun nere met the summer with more joy  
Then I'de embrace my fortunes ; but to you,  
Great king, to whom I am so greatly bound,  
I'de purchas't with a danger should fright earth,  
Astonish heaven, and make all hell to tremble ;  
I am of no shrinking temper.

*Mull.* Prove but as wise as thou art bould and valiant,  
And gain me wholly to thee, half thou hast already  
Purchast by this bold answer ; but perform  
The rest, and we are all and onely thine.

*Goodl.* Shew me the way to gain this royll purchase ;  
If I do't not, divide me from your presence,  
From your grace, and all those glorious hopes you have  
Turne into scorns and scandalls. (propos'd

*Mull.* I am dull,  
And drowsie on the sudden : whilst I sleep,  
Captain, read there.

*He counterfeits sleep, and gives him a letter.*

*Goodl.* To make Bessie mine some secret means devise,  
To thy own height and heart Ile make thee rise.  
Is not this ink the blood of Basilisks,

# The faire Maid of the West :

That kills me in the eies, and blindest me so,  
That I can read no further : 'twas compos'd  
Of Dragons poyson, and the gall of Aspes,  
Of Serpents venome, or of Vipers stings,  
It could not read so harsh else : Oh my fate,  
No hing but this ? this ? Had a parliament  
Of fiends and furies in a synod sat,  
And devis'd, plottet, parlied, and contriv'd,  
They scarce could second this ; This ? 'tis unparallel'd  
To strumpet a chaste Lady, injure him  
That rates her honour dearer then his life,  
T'employ a friend in treasons gainst his friend,  
And put that friend to do't : t'impose on me  
The haterfull stile and blot of pandarisme,  
That am a Gentleman : nay, worse then this,  
Make me in this a traytor to my countrey,  
In giving up their honours: Who but a Moor,  
Of all that beares mans shape, likest a devill,  
Could have devis'd this horrore? Possible  
That he should mark out me ? What does my face?  
Prognosticate, that he should finde writ there  
An index of such treasons ? But beware,  
'Twas his own plot, I, and his cunning too :  
He adde that to his project: but a Viceroy,  
And a kings Minion, titles that will shadow  
Ils the most base and branded. Not to do it  
May purchase his displeasure, which can be  
No lesse then death or bondage: heer's propos'd  
Honour and perill. But what writes he further ;  
*We are impatient of delayes, this night*  
*Let it be done.*  
I am doubtfull of my purpose,  
And can resolve of nothing.

*Mulliseg starts out of his chaire as  
from a dream.*

Mull. If he fail,

# Or, a Girle worth gold.

He have his flesh cut small as winters snow  
Or summers atoms.

*Goodl.* Ha, was hat by us?

*Mull.* Where was I? Oh, I dreamt upon the sudden,  
How fast was I.

*Goodl.* A fair warning 'twas, have you the cunning  
To speak your thoughts in dreams?

*Mull.* Who's i'th next room?

*Goodl.* My lord.

*Mull.* My Captain, was it thou?  
Sleep did surprise my senses, worthy friend,  
And in my dreams I did remember thee.

*Goodl.* How, me my lord?

*Mull.* Methought I had emploid thee in a businesse,  
In which thou went or fearfull, or else false,  
At which I was so overcome with rage,  
That from my dreams I started.

*Goodl.* Seamen say,  
When Halcions sing, look for a storme that day;  
Ther's death in my deniall.

*Mull.* Did you read,  
That scowl we gave you Captain, ther's wrapt up  
A thousand honours for thee, and more gold  
Then shouldst thou live a double Nestors age,  
Thou couldst finde waies to lavish.

*Goodl.* Add to your work a businesse of more dangers,  
That I may think me worthy, otherwise  
This slight emploiment will but prize me low  
And of desertless merit.

*Mull.* Think'st thou Captain  
It may be easily compast?

*Goodl.* Dare you trust me?

*Mull.* I dare.

*Goodl.* Then know, besides to dare and can,  
I will, though work beyond the power of man,  
He set my brains in action.

# The faire Maid of the West:

*Mull.* Noble friend,

Above thy thoughts our honours shall extend.

*Goodl.* I am not to be shaken.

*Mull.* Where be our Eunuchs?

Wee'l crown our hopes and wishes with more pomp  
And sumptuous cost, then *Priam* did his sons,  
That night he bosom'd *Hellen*; shee's as fair,  
And wee'l command our pomp to be as rare.  
Wee will have torches shall exceed the stars  
In number and in brightnesse: we will hav  
Rare change of musick shrill and high,  
That shall exceed the spheres in harmonie,  
The jewels of her habit shall reflect,  
To daze all eyes that shall behold her state.  
Our treasure shall like to a torrent rush  
Streams of rewards, richer then *Tagus* sands,  
To make these English strangers swim in gold.  
In wilde Moriskoes we will lead the bride:  
And when with full satieties of pleasures  
We are dull and satiate, at her radiant eyes  
Kindle fresh appetite, since they aspire,  
T' exceed in brightnesse the high orbs of fire.  
Make this Night mine, as we are King of *Fesse*,  
Th'art Viceroy, Captain.

*Exit Mullisbeg.*

*Goodl.* Make my estate much lesse,  
And my attempts more honourable: honour and vertue,  
To me seem things in opposition:  
Nor can we with small danger catch at one,  
But we must lose the other. Oh my brain,  
In what a labyrinth art thou? Say I could  
Be false, as he would make me; what device?  
What plot? what train have I to compasse it?  
Or with what face can I sollicite her,  
In treason towards my friend?

*Enter*

# or, a Girle worth gold.

Enter Ruffman.

Ruff. I am to sollicite Spencer  
To lie with the Moors Queen; a businesse, Besse;  
Will hardly thank me for: but howsoever  
I have undertane it.

Goodl. Impossibilities all; the more I wade,  
The more I drown in weaknesse.

Ruff. Captain.

Goodl. Oh Lieutenant,  
Never was man perplext thus.

Ruff. What, as you?  
Had you but my disturbance in your brain,  
Twould tax a Stoicks wit, or Oedipus.  
Why Captain, a whole school of Sophisters  
Could not unriddle me.

Goodl. I would we might change businesse.

Ruff. I would give boot so to be rid of mine.

Goodl. Shall we be free and open breasted?

Ruff. How?

Goodl. As thus;  
Tell me thy grievances, and unto thee  
I will unvail my bosome: both disclos'd  
He beg in mine thy counsell and assistance,  
Thy cause shall mine command.

Ruff. A heart, a hand.

Goodl. I am to woo fair Besse to lie with Mullisbeg.

Ruff. And I woo Spencer to embrace the Queen.

Goodl. Is't possible?

Ruff. 'Tis more then possible, 'tis absolutely past.

Goodl. Thei's not a hair to chose, canst counsell me?

Ruff. Can you advise me?

Goodl. I am past my wits.

Ruff. And I beyond all sense.

Goodl. Wouldst thou do't, here lay the way plain before  
thee.

Ruff. What, for gold

Betray

# The faire Maid of the West:

Betray my friend and countrey, would you Captain?

Goodl. What and wear a sword  
To guard my honour and a Christians faith,  
I'd flesh it here first.

Ruff. Nobly resolved.

Goodl. We are not safe Lieutenant, Moors are trecherous.  
Nay come, thy counsell,  
Fesse hath proferd me  
The honour of a Viceroy; and withall,  
If I should fail performance, cunningly  
Hath threatned me with death.

Ruff. You still propose  
The danger, but you shew no way to clear them.

Goodl. Brain, let me waken thee, 'sfoot hast thou no  
project? dost thou pertake my dulnesse?

Ruff. The more I strive, the more I am intangled.

Goodl. And I too? Not yet?

Ruff. Nor yet, nor ever.

Goodl. 'Tw was comming here, & now again 'tis vanisht.

Ruff. Cal't back again for heavens sake.

Goodl. Again.

Ruff. Thanks heaven.

Goodl. And now again 'tis gone.

Ruff. Can you not catch fast hold on't?

Goodl. Give me way,

Let's walk Lieutenant: Could a man propose  
A stratagem to gull this lustfull Moor,  
To supply him, and then to satiate her?

Ruff. Good.

Goodl. Next, out of all these dangers secure us,  
And keep our treasure safe.

Ruff. 'Twere excellent.

Goodl. But how shall this be done?

Ruff. Why Captain, know not you?

Goodl. Think'st thou it in the power of man to work it?  
Yet come, Ile try, I owe my fate a death,

Ruff.

# Or, a Girle worth gold.

Be swaid by me in all things.

Ruff. Noble Captain, I do not wish to outlive thee.

*Explicit Actus primus.*

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## Actus secundus. Scena prima.

Enter Spencer, Besse, and Clem.

Spencer.

The King was wondrous pleasant: Oh my Besse,  
How much am I indebted to his highnesse,  
Onely for gracing thee.

Besse. Could my Spencer  
Think that a barbarous Moor could be so train'd  
In humain vertues?

Clem. Fie upon't: I am so tir'd with dancing with  
these same black shee-chimney-sweepers, that I can scarce  
set the best leg forward, they have so tir'd me with their  
Moriscoes, and I have so tickled them with our Countrey  
dances, Sellengers round, and Tom Tiler: we have so fid-  
led it.

Spenc. Sirrah, what news will you tell to your friends  
when you return into England.

Clem. Bravnews, which though I can neither write  
nor read, yet I have committed them to my tables and  
the rest of my memory.

Spenc. Let's heare some of your novelties:

Clem. First and foremost I have observed the wisdome  
of these Moors, for some two dayes since being invited  
to one of the chief Bashaws to dinner, after meat, sitting  
by a huge fire, and feeling his shins to burn, I requested  
him to pull back his chaire, but he very understandingly  
sent for three or four Masons and removed the chimney:

# The faire Maid of the West:

the same Morian intreated me to lie with him, and I according to the state of my travells, willing to have a candle burning by, but he by no meanes would grant it; I askt him why? No, sayes he, wee'll put out the light that the fleas may not know where to finde us.

Enter Goodlack and Ruffman.

Spenc. No storm at sea could be so tyranous,  
Nor half th'affright beare in his forehead bare,  
As I spie in that look.

Bessa. Let not your looks presage more terrors then  
Your tongues can speak; out with't at once Lieutenant.

Spenc. Captain speak.

Goodl. W'are all lost.

Ruff. All shipwrak't.

Clem. Are we ashore, and shall wee be cast away?

Spenc. Great Mullisheg is royall.

Goodl. False to you.

Besse Gratioues and kinde.

Ruff. Disloyall to us all.

Spenc. Wrap me not in these wonders worthy friend,  
The very doubt of what the danger is, -  
Is more then danger can be.

Bess. Be it death,  
So we may dye together: heer's a heart  
Fear never could affright.

Goodl. The king still loves your Bessa,

Spenc. Ha?

Ruff. The Queen your Spencer.

Bess. How?

Goodl. This night he must enjoy her,

Ruff. And she him,

Spenc. A thousand deaths are in that word contriv'd.  
He make my passage through the blood of kings,  
Rather then suffer this,

Bess. I through hell,

# or, a Girele worth gold.

Or were there place more dangerous.

Goodl. Else all die.

Clem. Die, 'sfoot this is worse then being made an Eunuch as I was.

Spenc. We have yet life, and therefore cherish hope.

Goodl. All hopes are banisht in the deep abyſſe  
Of our perplexed thoughts.

Ruff. All things run retrograde.

Beff. Why Captain? why Lieutenant? had you the skill  
To bring my ship thus far, to wrack her here?  
Past you the Ocean, to perish in the harbour?  
Thou, Tom Goodlack  
Wert ever true and just to my designes,  
And canſt thou fail me now?

Goodl. I ſtudie for you.

Beff. Hast thou brought me but to ſee my Spencers ſha-  
And not enjoy the ſubſtance: for what more (dow,  
Have I yet had from him, then from his picture,  
That once hung in my Chamber. Gentlemen, amongſt  
Rescue an innocent maid from violence: (you all  
Or do but ſay it cannot be prevented:  
I begin, he that best loves me follow.

Spenc. What means Befſe?

Goodl. If it could be fashion'd to my thoughts,  
And have ſuccesse, 'twere brave.

Spenc. What, noble friend?

Goodl. To thrive but as we purpose.

Spenc. Have you way?

Goodl. 'Tis but a desperate course; and if it fail  
The worst can be but death: and I, even I,  
That laid the plot, will teach them how to dye.  
He lead them on.

Spenc. If thou haſt any project.

Beff. Joy or comfort.

Ruff. And if not comfort, counſell.

Goodl. Say it thriye?

# The faire Maid of the West :

Spenc. What Captain? what?

Goodl. You'll rip it from the wombe  
Ere it be fully hatch't now:

If it prosper but to my desire  
And wishes, 'twere admirable.

Spenc. No longer hold us in suspence, good Captain,  
But free us from these fears.

Goodl. You noble friend;  
This night cast gracious eyes upon the Queen:

Bess. And prove to me disloyall?

Goodl. Still you crosse me,  
And make the birth abortive. You fair Bessie,  
With amourous favours entertain the King.

Spenc. And yeeld her self to his intemperate lust?

Goodl. You still prevent me; either give me way  
To shew you light unto your liberties,  
Or still remain in darknesse.

Ruff. Hearc him out.

Goodl. You sooth the Queen,  
Ile flatter with the King,  
Let's promise fayre on both sides: say, 'tis done  
All to their own desires.

Spenc. The event of this?

Goodl. A happy freedome, with a safe escape  
Vnto our ship this night.

Bess. Oh, could this be.

Goodl. Fortune assiststhe valiant and the bold,  
Wee'll bid fare for't. I had forgot my self,  
Wher's Clem?

Clem. Noble Captain.

Goodl. Post to the ship, bid Forset man the long Bo~~at~~  
With ten good Musketiers, and at a watchword,  
If we can free our passage, take us in.  
Nay make haste, one minuts stay is death.

Clem. I am gone in a twinkling.

Goodl. To compass the Kings signet; then to command  
Our

# Or, a Girle worth gold.

Our passage, scape the gates and watches too:  
For that I have brain. The King's upon his entrance;  
Howers wast, revells come on, a thousand projects  
Of death, hopes, and fears, are warring  
In my bosome, and at once,  
Eye you the Queen, and humour you the King;  
Let no distast nor discontented brow  
Appeare in you: their lust Ile make the ground,  
To set all free, or keep your honour sound.  
Disperse, the King's on comming. Flourish.

*Enter Mullisbeg, Tota, Ioffer, and Alcade.*

*Mull.* We consecrate this evening, beautious Bride,  
To th' honour of your nuptialls. —— Is all done?

*Goodl.* Done.

*Tot.* Is he ours?

*Ruff.* Yours.

*Tot.* And wee ever thine?

*Goodl.* I, and so cast, that she shall grasp you freely,  
And think she hugs her Spencer.

*Ruff.* And when he bosoms you, thinkes he infolds  
His lovely *Besse*.

*Tot.* Thou mak'st a Queen thy servant.

*Goodl.* Your highnesse Signet to command our passage  
from chamber to chamber.

*Mull.* 'Tis there.

*Goodl.* The word.

*Mull.* 'Tis *Mullisbeg*:

*Goodl.* This must bring us safe aboard.

*Mull.* We keep the Bride  
Too long from rest now, she is free for bed.

*Tot.* Please her to accept it,  
In honour of her beauty, this night Ile do her any service.

*Besse* Mighty princelle,  
Excuse my breeding from such arrogance,  
And overbold presumption, you nor yours.

# or, a Girle worth gold.

Can owe me any duty : 'tis besides  
The fashion of our countrey, not to trust  
The secrets of a nuptiall night like this,  
To the eyes of any stranger.

*Tot.* At your pleasure,

*Bess.* With our first nights unlacing, mighty Queen,  
We dare not trust our husbands, 'tis a modestie  
Our English maids professe.

*Mull.* Keep your own customes as you shall think best,  
So for this night we leave you to your rest.

*Tot.* Remember.

*Ruff.* 'Tis writ here.

*Mull.* Captain,

*Exeunt. Manet Goodlack.*

*Goodl.* I am fast,  
Now is my task in labour, and is plung'd  
In thousand throes of childebirth, dangerous it is  
To deal where kings affaires are questiond,  
Or may be parled. But what's he so base,  
That would not all his utmost powers extend,  
For freedome of his countrey and his friend.  
When all the Court is silent, sunk in dreams,  
Then must my spirits awake. By this the King  
H'as tane his leave of bride and bridegrome too :  
And th'amorous Queen longs for some happy news  
From *Ruffman*, as great *Fesse* expects from us.  
My friend and *Besse* wrapt in a thousand fears,  
To finde my plot in action : and it now  
Must take new life : auspicious fate thy aide,  
To guard the honour of this English maid.

*Exit.*

*Enter Ruffman ushering the Queen.*

*Ruff.* Tread soft, good Madam.

*Tot.* Is this the Chamber.

*Ruff.* Ile bring him instantly.

*He*

# The faire Maid of the West:

He thinks this bed provided for his *Besse*,  
And that she lodges here, while she poore soul  
Embraceth nought but ayre.

*Tot.* Thou mak'st a Queen thy servant.

*Ruff.* Beware, be not too loud, lest that your tongue  
Betraies you.

*Tot.* Mute as night,  
As silent and as secret. Wrongs should be  
Paid with wrongs, for so indeed 'tis meet,  
My just revenge, though secret yet 'tis sweet.  
Haste time, and hast our bounty.

*Ruff.* Queen I shall.  
So now were we all safe and in our Negro shipt,  
Might'st thou lie there till dooms day, lustfull Queen.

*Exit.*

*Enter Goodluck and the King.*

*Goodl.* My lord the custome is in England still  
For maids to go to bed before their husbands,  
It saves their check from many a modest blush.

*King* And in the dark.

*Goodl.* We use it for the most part.

*King* Soft may their bones lie in their beds of ashes  
That brought this custome into England first.

*Goodl.* This the place where *Besse* expects her *Spencer*.

*King* Thou Viceroy of Argiers, for Captain, that  
Is now thy title: thou hast won a King,  
To be thy breast companion.

*Goodl.* Not too loud.

Why enters not your highnesse? you are safe.

*King* With as much joy as to our prophets rest.  
But what thinks *Spencer* of this?

*Goodl.* I have shifted in her place  
A certain Moor, whom I have hir'd for money,  
Which (poore soul) he entertains for *Besse*.

*King* My excellent friend.

*Goodl.* Beware of conference, lest your tongue reveals  
*What*

# The faire Maid of the West:

What this safe darknesse hides,

King I am all silent.

Oh, thou contentfull night, into thy arms,  
Of all that ere I tasted, sweetest and best,  
I throw me, more for pleasure then for rest.

Exit King.

Goodl. One fury claspe another, and there beget  
Young devills between you: so fair Besse be safe,  
I have here the kings signet, this willyeeld us  
Way through the court and city, Besse being mask't,  
How can she be discride, when none suspect,  
Our flight this day not dream't on: now to execute  
What was before purpos'd, which if it speed,  
He say the heavens have in our fates agreed. Exit.

Enter Besse, Spencer, and Ruffman.

Spenc. How goes the night?

Ruff. Tis some two hewers from day.

Besse Yet no news from the Captain.

Ruff. I have done a Midwives part, I have brought the  
Queen to bed, I could do no more.

Enter Goodlack.

Spenc. The Captain is come.

Besse Thy news.

Goodl. All safe, faith wench, I have put them to it for  
a single combate, I have left them at it.

Besse King and Queen.

Goodl. The same.

Ruff. Now for us.

Goodl. I, ther's all the danger, ther's one Bashaw  
Whose eyes is fixt on Spencer, and he now  
Walks e'ne before our lodging.

Besse Then what's past,  
Is all yet to no purpose.

Goodl. He and I  
May freely passe the Court: and you fair Besse,

# or, a Girle worth gold.

I would disguise: but then for *Spencer*?

*Besse* Why that's the main of all: all without his free-  
That we can aime at's, nothing. (dome

*Spenc.* It shall be thus, which alter none that loves me.  
With this signet you three shall passe to'th ship  
Whil'st I'me in sight she will not be suspected:  
My escape, leaue to my own fair fortunes.

*Besse* How that?

*Spenc.* Through twenty Bashaws I will hew my way,  
But I will see thee e're morning.

*Besse* Think'st thou *Spencer*  
That I will leave thee? think'st thou that I can?  
Thou maist as well part body from the soul,  
As part us now: It is our wedding night,  
Would'st now divide us?

*Spenc.* Yeeld to times necessities, and to our strict dis- (sters.

*Goodl.* Words are vain,  
We now must cleave to action: our stay's death,  
And if we be not quick in expedition,  
We all perish.

*Spenc.* *Besse*, be swaid.

*Besse* To go to sea without thee,  
And leave thee subject unto a tyrants cruelty?  
Ile dye a thousand deaths first.

*Spenc.* First save one,  
And by degrees the rest. When thou hast past  
The perills of this night, I am half safe,  
But whilst thou art still invirond, more then better  
Half of my part's indanger'd.

*Goodl.* Talk your selves  
To your deaths, do: will you venter forth?  
Leave me to the Bashaw.

*Ruff.* Or me, Ile buffet with him for my passage.

*Spenc.* Neither, in what I purpose I am constant.  
Conduct her safe; th'advantage of the night  
Ile take for my escape: and my sweet *Besse*,

# The faire Maid of the West:

If in the morning I behold thee not  
Safe within my Negro, be assur'd  
I am dead. Nay, now delaies are vain.

*Besse.* Sir, did you love  
Me, you would not stay behinde me.

*Spenc.* Ile ha't so.

Gentlemen, be charie of this jewell  
That throws her self into the armes of night,  
Vnder your conduct. If I live, my *Besse*,  
To merrow Ile not fail thec.

*Besse.* And if thou diest to morrow, be assur'd  
To morrow Ile be with thec.

*Spenc.* Shall thy love  
Betray us all to death.

*Besse.* Well, I will go,  
But if thou dost miscary, think the Ocean  
To be my Bride-bed.

*Spenc.* Heaven for us,  
That power that hath preserv'd us hitherto,  
Will not let's sink now. And, brave gentlemen,  
Of the Moors bounty beare not any thing  
Vnto our ship, lest they report of us,  
We fled by night and rob'd them.

*Goodl.* Nobly resolv'd.

*Spenc.* Now embrace and part ; and my sweet *Besse*,  
This be thy comfort gainst all future fears,  
To meet in mirth that now divide in tears :  
Farewell *Besse*, Ile back into my chamber.

*Besse.* Can I part with life  
In more distracted horrour ?

*Goodl.* You spoil all  
That we before have plotted.  
Will you mask your self, and to the Porter first,  
Ho, Porter.

*Enter Porter.*

*Porter.* Who calls ?

*Goodl.* One from the King.

*Porter*

# or, a Girle worth gold.

*Porter* How shall I know that?

*Gosdl.* This token be your warrnt, behold his signet.  
That's not enough, the Word.

*Goodl. Multisbeg.*

*Port.* Passe freely: some weighty buisinesse is in hand  
That the kings signet is abroad so late;  
But no matter, this is my discharge, Ile to my rest.

*Exit Porter.*

*Enter Alcade.*

*Alcad.* I much suspect,  
These English 'mongst themselves are treacherous:  
I have observ'd, the king had conference with the Captain:  
many whisperings and passages I have observed,  
but that which makes me most suspect is, because the king  
hath removed his lodging, and it may be to prostitute the  
English Maid: Ha, suspect said I; nay, examine things  
exactly, and 't must needs be so, the king is wondrous  
bountifull, and what i' st gold cannot. Troth I could even  
pity the poore forlorn Englishman, who this night must  
be forc't lie alone, and have the king taste to him.

*Enter Spencer.*

*Spenc.* Sure this Moore hath been made private to the  
Kings intents, which if I finde, Ile make him the instrument  
for me to passe the Court gates. This man, whose  
office was to keep me, shall be the onely means to free me.

*Alcad.* On his marriage night, and up at this hower?  
nay, if I once suspect, 'tis as firme as if it were confirmed  
by *Alkaron*, or *Mahomet* himself had sworn it: Ile sport  
my self with his distast and sorrow.

*Spenc.* Thus abus'd.

*Alcad.* What up so late and on your bridall night  
When you should lie lul'd in the fast imbrace  
Of your fair Mistris. I hope I have given't him soundly.

*Spenc.* s'possible,  
To lodge my bride in one place, and dispose me  
To a wrong chamber: she net once send to me,

# The faire Maid of the West:

That I might know to finde her.

Alcad. Excellent.

Nay, if I once suspect, it never fails.

Spenc. Ile not tak'c

At th' hands of an Empresse, much lesse at hers.

Alcad. Why, what's the businelle, Sir? Oh, I guesse  
the cause of your griefe.

Spenc. And Sir, you may, but Ile be reveng'd.

Alcad. Troth and I woudl.

Spenc. Ile bosome some body,

Be it the common'st Curczan in Fesse,

If not for love, to vex her.

Alcad. Can you do lesse?

Spenc. To leave me the first night,

Alcad. Oh, 'twas a signe she never dearly lov'd you.

Spenc. I perceive Bashaw Alcade you understand my

Alcad. In part, though not in whol. (wrongs.

Spenc. Your word is warrant, passe me the court gate,  
Ile to some loose Burdello, and tell her when I have done.

Alcad. Were it my cause, Ile do this, and more.

Spenc. Make me wait thus!

Alcad. Oh Sir, 'tis insufferable.

Spenc. Troth I dally my revenge too long, what ho,

Port. How now, who calls? Porter.

Alcad. Her's Bashaw Alcade, turn the key.

Port. His name commands my gate, passe freely.

Spenc. Sir, I am bound to you,  
To take this wrong I should be held no man.

Now to the watch, scape there as I can. Exit.

Alcad. Ha, ha, so long as she sleeps in the arms of Fesse,  
let him pack where he picases: Porter, now hee's without,  
let him command his entrance no more, neither for re-  
ward nor intreay, till day breaks.

Port. Sir, he shall not.

Alcad. 'Tis well we are so rid of him: Mullisbeg will  
give me great thanks for this.

Ile

# or, a Girle worth gold.

He to his chamber, there attend without,  
Till he shall waken from his drowsie rest,  
And then acquaint him with this fortunate jest. *Alarums.*

*Enter Ioffer, Lieutenant, Spencer prisoner and wounded.*

*Ioff.* Sir, though we wonder at your noble deeds,  
Yet I must do the office of a subject,  
And take you prisoner : by that noble blood  
That runs in these my veins, when I behold  
The slaughter you have made, which wonders me,  
I wish you had escapt, and not been made captive  
To him, who though he may admire and love you,  
Yet cannot help you.

*Spenc.* Your stile is like your birth, for you are *Ioffer*,  
Chief Bashaw to the king, and him I know  
Lord of most noble thoughts. Speak, what's my danger ?

*Ioff.* Know Sir, a double forfeit of your life:  
Your outrage first is death, being in the night,  
And against the watch ; but those that you have slain  
In this fierce conflict, brings 'em without all bounds  
Of pardon.

*Spenc.* I was born too't, and I embrace my fortune.

*Ioff.* Sir, now I know you  
To be that brave and worthy Englishman,  
So highly grac't in court, which more amazeth me  
That you should thus requite him with the slaughter  
Of his lou'd subjects.

*Spenc.* I intreat you Sir,  
As you are noble question me no further,  
I have many private thoughts that trouble me,  
And not the fear of death. *(courage,*

*Ioff.* We know your name, and now have prov'd your  
Both these moves us to give you as easie bondage as our  
To the king can suffer, you are free *(loyalty*  
From irons.

*Spenc.* When this news shall come to her,

*Ioff.* Lieutenant, lead the watch some distance of,

# or, a Girle worth gold.

Bid them remove these bodies lately slain,  
I must have private conference with this prisoner,  
Leave him to my charge.

Sir think me though a Moore,  
A nation strange unto you Christians,  
Yet that I can be noble: but in you  
I have observ'd strange contrarieties,  
Which I would be resolv'd in.

*Spenc.* Speak your thoughts.

*Ioff.* When I confer'd the noblenesse of your blood,  
With this your present passion, I much muse,  
Why either such a small effuse of blood,  
These your sleight wounds, or the pale fear of death,  
Should have the power to force a teare from such  
A noble eye.

*Spenc.* Why thinkst thou Bashaw  
That wounds, blood, or death  
Could force a teare from me, thou noblest of thy nation,  
Do not so farre misprise me: I tell thee Bashaw,  
The rack, strapado, or the scalding oyl,  
The burning pincers, or the boyling lead,  
The stakes, the pikes, the caldron, or the wheel,  
Were all these tortures to be felt an once,  
Could not draw water hence.

*Ioff.* Whence comes it then?

*Spenc.* From that whose pains as far surmounts all those  
As whips of furies do the Ladies fans,  
Made of the plumes o'th Estridge: this like the Sunne,  
Extracts the dew from my declining soul,  
And swims mine eyes in moist effeminacie.

*O Besse, Besse, Besse, Besse.*

*Ioff.* Dead pitty you have wakened in my bosome,  
And made me with you like compassionate.  
Freely relate your sorrows.

*Spenc.* Sir, I shall:  
If you have ever loved, or such a maid,

# *The faire Maid of the West:*

So fair, so constant, and so chast as mine,  
And should fortune to lamentable fortune,  
Betray her to a black abortive fate,  
How would it wring you? Or if you had a heart,  
Made of that metall that we white men have,  
How would it melt in you?

*Ioff.* Sir, you confound me.

*Spenc.* I will be brief; the travells of my *Besse*,  
To finde me out, you have pertook at full,  
In presence of the King, these I omit.  
Now when we came to summe up all our joy,  
And this night were entring to our hoped blisse,  
The king, Oh most unworthy of that name,  
He quite fell off from goodnesse.

*Ioff.* Who *Mullisbeg*?

*Spenc.* His lust out-waid his honour: and as if his soul  
Were blacker then his face, he laid plots  
To take this sweet night from me: but prevented,  
I have convai'd my beautious bride aboard,  
My Captain and Lieutenant.

*Ioff.* Are they escapt?

*Spenc.* Safe to my Negro. Thus farre fortune led me  
Through many dangers till I past this bridge,  
The last of all your watches. And muse not  
Bashaw, that I thus single durst oppose my self,  
I wore my Mistris here, and she, not I,  
Made me midway a conquerour.

*Ioff.* She being at sea,  
And safe, why should your own fates trouble you?

*Spenc.* Renowned Moor, there is your greatest errour;  
When we parted, I swore by the honour of a Gentleman,  
And as I ever was her constant friend,  
If I surviv'd, to visit her aboard  
By such an hour: but if I fail, that she  
Should think me dead: now, if I break one minute,  
She leaps into the sea: 'tis this, great Bashaw,

*Thac*

# The faire Maid of the West:

That from a souldiers eyes draws pearly tears :  
For my own person I despise all fears.

*Ioff.* You have deeply touch't me : and to let you know  
All mortall vertues are not solely grounded  
In th'hearts of Christians, go and passe free ;  
Keep your appointed houre, preserve her life :  
I will conduct you past all danger : but withall  
Remember my head's left to answer it.

*Spenc.* Is honour fled from Christians unto Moors,  
That I may lay in Barbarie I found  
This rare black Swan.

*Ioff.* And when you are at sea,  
The winde no question may blow fair, your ankors  
They are soon waid, and you have sea-roome free  
To passe unto your countrey : 'tis but my life,  
And I shall think it nobly spent to save you,  
Her, and your train from many sad disasters.

*Spenc.* Sir, I thank you,  
Appoint me a fixt hower, if I return not,  
May I be held a scorn to Christendome,  
And recreant to my countrey.

*Ioff.* By three to morrow.

*Spenc.* Bind me by some oath.

*Ioff.* Onely your hand and word.

*Spenc.* Which if I break.

What my heart thinks, my tongue forbears to speak.

*Ioff.* Ile bear you past all watches. *Exeunt.*

*Explicit Actus secundus.*

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## Actus tertius. Scena prima.

*Enter Mullisbeg.*

*Mull.*

*T*Hrough satiate with the pleasures of this night,  
The morning calls me from the sweet, embraces

Of

# or, a Girle worth gold.

Of the fair English Damsell.

*Tot.* The English stranger  
Is stoln from forth mine arms, I am at full revenged :  
Were I again to match, I de marry one  
Of this brave nation, if a Gentleman,  
Before the greatest Monarch of the world,  
They are such sweet and loving bedfellows.  
Now to my chamber, darknesse guid my way,  
Left what none yet suspect, the night betray.  
Let all like me wrong'd in their nuptiall bed,  
Not aim at th'heart, but rather strike at th'head.

*Mul.* Venetian Ladies, nor the Persian Girles,  
The French, the Spanish, nor the Turkish Dames,  
Ethiope nor Greece can kisse with half that art  
These English can, nor entertain their friends  
With 'tenth part of that ample willingnesse  
Within their arms.

*Alcad.* Your highnesse cal'd ?

*Mul.* To tell thee that none shall pertake but thou.  
Oh, I have had the sweetest nights content  
That ever king enjoy'd.

*Alcad.* With the fair English bride.

*Mull.* Nor envy if I raise the Captain for't,  
For he shall mount.

*Alcad.* And he deserves it: but to me you owe  
Part of that honour, I had a hand in't too,  
Although perhaps you thought me ignorant  
In what is past.

*Mul.* Hadst thou no more  
Then half a finger in this nights content,  
It shall not be forgot, but thou as he  
Shalt be rais'd one step higher.

*Ale.* Observing what had past, I spide the bridegroom  
As still mine eies were fixt on him, up and late,  
Then by a trick, a pretty sleight, a fine fetch of mine own,  
I past him forth the gates, and gave command,

# The faire Maid of the West :

He should not have his entrance back again,  
Neither for reward nor intreaties, till day broke.

*Mull.* Your aim in that?

*Alc.* For fear lest he by some suspitious jealcusie  
Should have disturb'd your rest.

*Mull.* Thy providence  
Shall not die unrewarded: shift him hence,  
And with his will too, this makes thee  
Of our counsell.

*Alcad.* 'Tis an honour  
My wisedome hah long aim'd at, and I hope  
Now shall receive his merit.

*Enter a Negro.*

*Negr.* Pardon great king that I thus rudely presse-  
Into your private bed-chamber.

*Mull.* Speak, thy news.

*Negr.* The English Captain, with the lovely Bride,  
With her Lieutenant hath secretly this night,  
With your highnesse signet and the word past the Court-  
gates, past all the watches, and got aboard their Negro, and  
I was sent to know your highnesse pleasure.

*Mull.* Ha, this night? *Alcade*, seek, search,  
I left her sleeping in our royll bed.

*Alcad.* I shall my lord, I half suspect.

*Mull.* But was not *Spencer* with them?

*Negr.* Onely they three: and we, by vertue of your  
highnesse signet, past them the court-gates without  
trouble.

*Enter Alcad.*

*Mull.* We are amazed:  
*Alcade*, whom find'st thou there?

*Alcad.* Nothing, my lord, but empty sheets,  
A bed new tost; but neither English Lady, nor  
any Lady else.

*Mul.* We stand astonish't,  
Not knowing what to answer,

*Enter*

# or, a Girle worth gold.

Enter a second messenger.

*Mess.* Pardon great king if I relate the news  
That will offend you highly.

*Mull.* That the English Captain, Lady, and Lieutenant are escapt.

*Mess.* But that's not all.

*Mull.* Can there be worse behinde?

*Mess.* Yes, if the losse of your dear subjects lives  
Be worse then their escape: *Spencer*, without  
The signet or the word, being left behinde.

*Mull.* You cal'd the porter up  
And let him after.

*Alcad.* Pardon great King.

*Mull.* Was this your trick, your sleight, your stratagem?  
As we are king of *Fesse*, thy life shall pay  
The forfeit, thine own tongue shall sentence thee.  
But to the rest.

*Mess.* Then past he to the bridge,  
Where stood armed men, in number fourty:  
Maugre all their strength, with his good sword  
He would have made through all:  
And in this fierce conflict, six, to the maze  
Of all the rest, were slain: nor would he yeeld,  
Till suddenly we rais'd a loud alarm,  
At which the Captain of the watch came down,  
And so there surpriz'd him.

*Mull.* Is he prisoner then?

*Mess.* In custody of the great Bashaw *Ioffer*,  
With whom we left him.

*Mull.* Command our Bashaw  
To bring him clog'd in irons. These English Pirates  
Have rob'd us of much treasure: and for that  
His traiterous life shall answer. But for thee, traitor,  
That had'st a hand in his escape,  
Thou shalt be sure to pay for't.

*Alcad.* Alas, my lord,

# The faire Maid of the West :

What I did was meerly ignorance.

*Mall.* Nay bribes,  
And I shall finde it so : bear him to guard.  
What dissolute strumpet did that traitorous Captain  
Send to our sheets ; but all our injuries,  
Upon that English prisoner wee'll revenge,  
As we in state and fortune hope to rise,  
A never heard of death that traitour dies.

Enter Captain, Bessie, Ruffman, Clem.

*Bessie* No news from Forset yet that waits for Spencer,  
The long boat's not return'd?

*Goodl.* Not yet ?

*Bessie* Clem. to the main top Clem, and give us notice  
if thou seest any (like them) make from the shore ; the day  
is broke already.

*Clem.* With all my heart, so you will give me warning  
before the Gunner shoots, lest I tumble down again, and  
put my neck a second time in danger.

*Bessie* Prethee be gon, let's have no jesting now.

*Clem.* Then I'll to the main top in earnest.

*Goodl.* How fares it with you Bessie ?

*Bessie* Like a hartlesse creature, a body without motion.  
How can I chose when I am come to sea,  
And left my heart ashore ? What, no news yet ?

*Goodl.* None.

*Bess.* I prethee Ruffman step into my Cabin, and bring  
me here my hour glasse.

*Ruff.* That I shall.

*Goodl.* To what end would you use it ?

*Bess.* Shall I tell thee Captain,  
I would know how long I have to live :  
That glasse once turn'd, the sandy hour quite run,  
I know my Spencer's dead, and my life's donne.

Enter Ruffman with the glasse.

*Ruff.* Your glasse,

*Bessie*

# or, a Girle worth gold.

*Besse* Gramercy good Lieutenant :

"Tis better then a gaudy looking glasse,  
To deck our faces in ; that shews our pride,  
But this our ends those glasses seek to hide.

Have you been all at prayers ?

*Both* We have.

*Besse* I thank you

Gentlemen, never more need : and you would say  
As I do, did you but know how near our ends some are.  
Dost thou not think, Captain, my Spencer's slain ?

*Goodl.* Yet hope the best.

*Besse* This is the hower he promist : Captain, look,  
For I have not the heart, and truely tell me  
How farre 'tis speat  
Some fifteen minutes.

*Besse* Alas, no more ; I prethee tak't away,  
Even just so many haue I left to pray,  
And then to break my heart strings : None that loves me  
Speake one word to me of him, or any thing :  
If in your secret cabbins you'l bestow  
Of him and me some tears and hearty prayers,  
We, if we live shall thank you. Good Gentlemen  
Ingageme so far to you.

Enter Clem.

*Clem.* News, news, news :

*Besse* Ha, geod or bad.

*Clem.* Excellent, most excellent, nay, super excellent,  
Forset and all his companions are rowing hither like mad  
men ; and there is one that sits i'ch stern and does not  
row at all, and that is, let me see who is it ? I am sure 'tis  
he, noble Spencer.

*Besse* Spencer ?

Heart, let me keep thee ; thou wast up to heaven  
Half way in rapture. Art thou sure ?

*Clem.* I think you'l make a man swear his heart out.

*Besse* Teach me but how

# The faire Maid of the West:

I shall receive him when he comes aboard ;  
How shall I beare me, Captain, that my joy  
Do not transcend my soul out of this earth,  
Into the aire with passionate extasie.

Enter *Spencer*.

*Goodl.* Now farewell Barbarie, king *Mullisbeg*,  
We have sea room, and winde at will, not ten  
Of thy best Gallies arm'd with Moors,  
Can fetch us back.

*Ruff.* For England Gentlemen.

*Bess.* Oh, wher's the Gunner :  
See all the ordnance be straight discharged  
For joy my *Spencer* lives ; let's mist our selves  
In a thick cloud of smoak, and speak our joyes  
Vnto the highest heavens in fire and thunder.

*Ruff.* To make the Queen vex and torment her self,

*Besse* To make the King tear his contorted locks,  
Curl'd like the knots of furies : Oh this musick  
Doth please me better then th'effeminate strings,  
Tun'd to their wilde Moriskoes : dance my soul,  
And caper in my bosome, joyfull heart,  
That I have here my *Spencer*.

*Goodl.* Come, waigh Anchor,  
Hoist sail, we have a fair and gentle gale  
To beare us to our countrey.

*Spenc.* Captain, stay.

*Besse* I did not heare my *Spencer* speak till now,  
Nor would my sudden joy give me that judgement  
To spie that sadness in thee I now see ;  
Good, what's the cause, canst thou conceal't from me ?  
What, from thy *Besse* ? Whence came that sigh ?  
You will not tell me ; no, do not :  
I am not worthy to partake your thoughts.  
Do you repent you that you see us safe  
Imbar'kt for England to enjoy me there :

# or, a Girle worth gold.

Is there some other whom you better love ?  
Let me but know her, and for your sweet sake  
I'll serve her too : come, I will know the cause.

*Spenc.* Know all in one :  
Now I have seen you, I must leave you *Besse*.

*Besse* Leave me ? Oh, fatall.

*Spenc.* Speak, my *Besse*, it is thy *Spencer* tells thee.

*Besse* That he will leave me : if the same tongue  
That wounded me, gives me no present cure,  
It will again intrance me.

*Spenc.* Arm your self,  
It must be spoke again, for I must leave you.  
My honour, faith, and countrey are 'ingag'd,  
The reputation of a Christian's pawn'd;  
And all that weare that sacred livery,  
Shall in my breach be scandal'd. Moors will say,  
We boast of faith, none does good works but they.

*Besse* I am nor sleep nor waking, but my senses  
All in a confus'd slumber.

*Goodl.* Sir, resolve us ;  
You wrap us in a Labyrinth of doubts,  
From which I pray unloose us.

*Spenc.* I shall ;  
I made my way through slaughter ; but at length  
The watch came down and took me prisoner  
Vnto a noble Bashaw : for my valour,  
It pleas'd him to admire me : but when sorrow  
To disappoint my *Besse*, strok me in passion,  
He urg'd me freely to relate my griefs,  
Which took in him such deep impression,  
That on my word and promise to return  
By such an hower, he left himself in hostage,  
To give me my desires.

*Goodl.* T'was nobly done.  
But what's the lives of twenty thousand Moors,  
To one that is a Christian ?

# The faire Maid of the West :

*Ruff.* We have liberty, and free way to our countrey,  
Shall not we take th' advantage that the heavens  
Have lent us : but now, as if we scorn'd  
Their gracious bounty, give up our selves,  
To voluntary bondage.

*Bess.* Prize you my love no better, then to rate it  
Beneath the friendship of a barbarous Moor?  
Can you, to save him, leave me to my death? Is this  
The just reward of all my travells?

*Spenc.* I prize my honour, and a Christians faith;  
Above what earth can yeeld: shall *Fesse* report,  
Vnto our countreys shame, and to the scandall  
Of our religion, that a barbarous Moor  
Can exceed us in noblenesse? no, Ile die  
A hundred thousand deaths first.

*Besse* Oh, my fate, was ever maid thus crost,  
That have so oft been brought to see my blisse,  
And never taste it? to meet my *Spencer* living after death,  
To joyn with him in marriage, not enjoy him?  
To have him here free from the barbarous Moors,  
And now to lose him? being so oft rais'd  
Vnto the height of all felicity  
To make my ruine greater. If you needs  
Will hazzard your own person, make me partner  
In this thy present danger; take me with thee.

*Spenc.* Not for the world, no living soul shall bleed  
One drop for me.

*Besse* Canst thou be so unkinde? then false man know,  
That thou hast caught me harshnesse. I without  
Thee came to *Momarah*, and to my countrey back,  
I will return without thee: I am here  
In mine own vessell, mine own train about me:  
And since thou wilt forsake me, to embrace  
The Queen of Moors: though coyning strange excuse,  
E'ne ashly pleasure be it, my waie's into my countrey,  
Farewell, Ile not shed one tear more.

*Spenc.*

# or, a Girle worth gold.

*Spenc.* My partings death,  
But honour wakens me, the hower draws nigh,  
And if I fail one minut, he must die.  
The long boat now. Farewell *Besse.* *Exit.*

*Besse* Why, farewell  
*Spencer*, I alwaies lov'd thee but too well,  
Captain, thine care,  
This I have vow'd, and this you all shall swear.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Monkisbeg, Queen, Ioffer, Headsman.*

*Mull.* Produce your prisoner, Bashaw.

*Ioff.* Mighty King,  
Had you beheld his prowesse, and withall,  
But seen his passions, you would then like me,  
Have pittied his diasters.

*Mull.* We know no pitty for an injury  
Of that high nature, more then our revenge,  
We have vow'd his death, and he shall therefore die.  
Go, bring him forth.

*Ioff.* Spare me, my lord, but some few howers, I shall.

*Mull.* The least delay is death.

*Ioff.* Then know, my lord, he was my prisoner.

*Mull.* How, was? and is not?

*Ioff.* By promise.

*Mull.* Not in gyves.

*Ioff.* Hee's gyv'd to me by faith, but else at liberty.

*Mull.* I pray unriddle us, and teach us that  
Which we desire to know, where is the English prisoner?

*Ioff.* I presum'd, my lord,  
Such noble valour could not be log'd alone,  
Without some other vertues, faith and honour,  
Therefore I gave him freedome to his ship,  
Onely upon his promise to return;  
Now if there be such noblenesse in a Christian,  
Which being a Moor, I have exprest to him,  
He will not see me perish.

**G**

*Mull.*

# The faire Maid of the West:

*Mull.* Foolish Basshaw

To feast away thy head : you are all conspiratours.  
Against our person : and you all shall die.  
Why ? canst thou think a stranger so remote,  
Both in countrey and religion, being imbark'd  
At sea, and undersail, free from our bands  
In the arms of his fair bride,  
His Captain and his sailors all aboard,  
Sea room and winde at will, and will return  
To expose all these to voluntary dangers,  
For a bare verball promise ?

*Ioff.* If he comes not,  
Be this mine honour, King, that though I bleed,  
A Moor a Christian thus far did exceed.

*Mull.* The hower is past,  
The Christian hath broke faich.  
Off with his head.

*Enter Spencer.*

*Spenc.* Yet come at last.

*Mull.* Ist possible ?  
Can England so farre distant harbour such noble vertues ?

*Ioff.* I beshrow you, Sir,  
You come unto your death, and you have tane  
Much honour from me, and ingrest it all  
To your own fatme ; 'twould have lived longer by me,  
Then any monument can last, to have lost  
My life for such a noble stranger,  
Whose vertue even in this last act appears,  
I wish this blood, which now are friendly tears,  
You are come unto your death.

*Spenc.* Why, 'twas my purpose ;  
And by that death, to make my honour shine,  
Great *Mullisheg*, cherish this noble Moor,  
Whom all thy confines cannot parallell  
For vertue and true noblenesse. Ere my ship  
Should with such black dishonour beare me safe

# or, a Girle worth gold.

Into my countrey by thy Bashaws death,  
I would have bent my ordnance gainst her keel,  
And sunk her in the harbour.

*Mull.* Thou hast slain  
Six of our subjects.

*Ioff.* Oh, had you seen  
But with what eminent valour.

*Mull.* Nought that's ill  
Can be well done: then Bashaw, speake no more,  
His life is meerly forfeit, and he shall pay it.

*Spenc.* I am proud, *Fesse*, that I now owe thee nothing,  
But have in me ability to pay.  
If it be forfeit, take it, lay all on me,  
Ile pay the debt, then set the Bashaw free.

*Mull.* Besides, misprising all our gracious favours,  
To violate our laws, infringe our peace,  
Disturbe our watch by night, and now perhaps  
Having rob'd us of much treasure, stoln to sea.

*Spenc.* In that thou art not royall, *Mullisbeg*.  
Of all thy gold and jewels lately given us,  
Ther's not a doit imbark't,  
For finding thee dishonourably unkinde,  
Scorning thy gold, we left it all behinde.

*Tot.* If private men be lords of such brave spirits,  
How royall should their Princes be!

*Mull.* Englishman,  
Ther's but one way for thee to save thy life,  
From eminent death.

*Spenc.* Well, propose it.

*Mull.* Instantly  
Send to thy *Negro*, and surrender up  
Thy Captain and thy fair Bride; otherwise,  
By all the holy rights of our great Prophet,  
Thou shalt not live an hower.

*Spenc.* Alas, good King,  
I pity and despise thy tyranny:

# The faire Maid of the West:

Not live an hower? And when my head is off,  
What canst thou do then? Calls't thou that revenge,  
To ease me of a thousand turbulent griefs,  
And throw my soul in glory for my honour.  
Why, thou striv'st to make me happy but for her;  
Wert thou the King of all the kings on earth,  
Couldst thou lay all their scepters, roabs, and crowns,  
Here at my feet, and hadst power to install me  
Emperour of th' universall Emperie,  
Rather then yeeld my basest ship-boy up,  
To become thy slave; much lesse betray my Bride  
To thee and to thy bruitish lust, know king  
Of Fesse, I'de die a hundred thousand deaths first.  
*Mull.* Ile try your patience: Off with his head.

*Enter Bessie, Goodlack, Ruffman.*

*Bessie.* Her's more worke, stay.

*Spenc.* What make you here?

You wrong me above injury.

*Bessie.* If you loue blood,  
That river spare, and for him take a flood;  
Be but so gracious as save him alone,  
And great King see I bring thee three for one:  
Spare him, thou shalt have more,  
The lives of all my train, what saiest thou to't?  
And with their lives my ship and all to boot.

*Spenc.* I could be angry with you above measure,  
In your four deaths I die, that had before  
Tasted but one.

*Mull.* Captain, art thou there? how e're these fare,  
Thou shalt be sure to pay for't.

*Goodl.* 'Tis my least care,  
What's done is mine, I here confes't,  
Then seize my life in ransome of the rest.

*Tor.* Lieutenant, you are a base villane,  
What groom betrai'd you to our sheets?

*Ruff.* Please keep your tongue, I did you no dishonour.

*Tor.*

# or, a Girle worth gold.

*Tot.* Whom did you bring to our free embraces ?

*Ruff.* 'Twas the King, conceal what's past.

*Tot.* How e're my minde, then yet my bodie's chaste.

*Ruff.* Make use on't.

*Spenc.* Dismissle, great King, these to their ship again,  
My life is solely forfeit, take but that,  
I shall report thee mercifull.

*Besse* It were no justice, King, to forfeit his,  
And to spare mine, I am as deep as he,  
Since what my *Spencer* did was all for me.

*Goodl.* Great King, if any faulted, then 'twas I,  
I led them on, and therefore first should die.

*Ruff.* I am as deep as any.

*Ioff.* Oh, had my head  
Excus'd all these, I had been nobly dead.

*Bess.* Why pause you king? Is't by our noble vertes,  
That you have lost the use of speech ? or can you think  
That *Spencer* dead; you might inherit me.  
No, first with Roman *Portia* I'd eate fire,  
Or with *Lacretia* charakter thy lust  
•Twixt these two breasts. Stood I ingag'd to death.  
I'd scorn for life to bend a servile knee :  
But 'tis for thee, my *Spencer*, what was his fault ?  
'Twas but to saue his own, rescue his dear Bride  
From adulterate sheets, and must he die for this ?

*Mull.* Shall lust in me have chief predominance ?  
And vertuous deeds, for which in *Fesse*  
I have been long renown'd, be quite exilde ?  
Shall Christians have the honour  
To be sole heirs of goodnesse, and we Moors,  
Barbarous and bloody. Captain, resolve me,  
What common Curtezan didst thou convey  
Into our royll bed.

*Tot.* I can excuse him, pardon me great King,  
I having private notice of your plots,  
Wrought him unto my purpose, and 'twas I

# The faire Maid of the West:

lodg'd in your arms that night.

*Mull.* These English are in all things honourable,  
Nor can we tax their waies in any thing,  
Vnlesse we blame their vertues. English maid,  
We give thee once more back unto thy husband,  
Whom likewise freely we receive to grace :  
And as amends for our pretended wrongs,  
With her wee'll tender such an ample dower,  
As shall renown our bounty : but we fear  
We cannot recompence the injurious losse,  
Of your last nights expectations.

*Besse.* 'Tis full amends,  
Where but the least part of your grace extends.'

*Mull.* Captain, we prize thy vertues to thy friends,  
Thy faith to us, and zeal unto our Queen.  
And Bashaw, for thy noblenesse to a Gentleman  
Of such approved valour and renown,  
We here create thee Viceroy of Argiers,  
And do esteem thee next our Queen in grace.  
Y'have quench't in me all lust, by which shall grow,  
Vertues which *Besse*, and all the world shall know.

*Spenc.* We shall report your bounties, and your royalties  
Shall flie through all the parts of Christendome.

*Bess.* Whilst *Besse* has gold, which is the meed of baies,  
Shee'l make our English Poets tune thy praise.  
And now my *Spencer*, after all our troubles,  
Crosses and threatnings of the seas rough brow,  
Ine're could say thou wert mine own till now.

*Mull.* Call this your harbour, and your haven of joy,  
For so wee'll strive to make it, noble strangers,  
Those vertues you have taught us by your deeds,  
We futurely will strive to imitate.  
And for the wrongs done to the hop't delights  
Of your last nights divorce, double the magazine  
VVith which our larges should have sweld your ship.  
A golden Girl th' art cal'd,

And

# Or, a Girle worth gold.

And wench, be bold,  
Thy lading back shall be with pearl and gold. Exeunt.

## Enter Chorus.

Chor. I Magine Bessie and Spencer under sail :  
But the intelligence of their great wealth,  
Being bruited 'mongst the Merchants, comes to th' eares,  
Of a French Pirate, who with two ships wellrig'd,  
Way-laiers them in their voyage : long they fought,  
And many slain on both sides ; but the Frenchmen,  
Proud of their hopefull conquest, boarding twice,  
Are twice blown up, which addes courage to the English ;  
But to the Frenchmen fear : just as they buckeld,  
Spencer and Goodlack, with two proofe Targets arm'd  
Into the French ship leap, and on the batches,  
There make a bloody slaughter : but at that instant,  
The billows swel'd, the windes grew high, and lond,  
And as the soul and body use to part,  
With no lesse force these lovers are divided,  
He wafts to her, and she makes signes to him :  
He calls, and she replies : — they both grow hoarse,  
With shrieking out their last farewell. — now she wounds  
And sinks beneath the arms of Ruffman. Spencer,  
Upon a Chest gets hold and safe arrives  
The Marquis of Farara's countrey : the like adventure  
Chanc'd Goodlack, upon a Mast he pierces Italie,  
Where these two Dukes were then at ods. Spencer is chs.  
Farara's Champion : Mantua makes Goodlack his. (sen.  
What happen'd them if you desire to know,  
To cut off words, wee'll act it in dumb show.

## Dumb Show.

The Dukes by them attor'd, they graced and prefer'd,  
Take their next way towards Florence. What of Bessie,  
Ruffman, and Clem becomes, must next succeed.  
The seas to them like cruell proves, and wracks  
Their Negro on the coast of Florence, where

They

# The faire Maid of the West :

They wander up and down 'mongst the Bandetties,  
More of their fortunes we will next pursue,  
In which we mean to be as brief as true. [Exit]

Explicit Actus tertius.

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## Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Enter Bessie, Ruffman, and Clem.

Bessie.

A ll is lost!

Ruff. Save these our selves.

Clem. For my part I have not so much left as a cleare  
Shirt.

Bessie And Spencer too, had the seas left me him,  
I should have thought them kinde, but in his fate,  
All wishes, fortunes, hopes of better daies  
Expire.

Ruff. Spenceer may live.

Clem. I, that he may, if it be but in a sea-water green  
suit, as I was, among the haddocks.

Bessie How many bitter plunges have I past,  
Ere I could win my Spencer? who no sooner  
Maried, but quite divorst, possest for some few daies,  
Then rent asunder, as soon a widow as I was a Bride:  
This day the mistris of many thousands,  
And a begger now, not worth the clothes I wear.

Ruff. At the lowest ebbe  
The tides still flow, besides, being on the ground,  
Lower we cannot fall.

Bessie Yes, into the ground, the grave.  
Ruffman, would I were there; till then I never

Shall

# or, a Girle worth gold.

Shall have true rest: I fain would know  
VVhat greater misery heaven can inflict, I have not yet  
Indur'd: if there be such, I dare it, let it come.

Enter Captain Bandetties, and others.

*Band.* Cease, and surprise the prisoners: thou art mine.  
*Ruff.* Villain, hands off, knowst thou whom thou offendest?

*Band.* Binde her fast, and after captive him.

*Ruff.* I will rather die

Then suffer her sustain least injury.

*Ruffman is beaten off.*

*Besse* VVhat's thy purpose?

*Band.* In all my travells, and my quest of blood,  
I ne're encountred such a beauteous prize:  
Heavens, if I thought you would accept his thanks  
That trades in deeds of hell, I would acknowledge  
My self in debt to you.

*Besse* VVhat's thy intent,  
Bold villein, that thou mak'st this preparation?

*Band.* I intend to ravish thee.

*Besse* All goodness pardon me, and you blest heavens,  
VVhom I too boldly challeng'd for a misery  
Beyond my Spencers losse. VVhat, rape intended?  
I had not thought there had been such a mischief,  
Devis'd for wretched woman: ravish me?  
'Tis beyond shipwrack, poverty, or death:  
It is a word invented first in hell,  
And by the devills first spew'd upon earth:  
Man could not have invented to have given  
Such letters sound.

*Band.* I trifle howers too long,  
And now to my black purpose. Envious day,  
Gaze with thy open eyes on this nights work,  
For thus the Prologue to my lust begins.

*Besse* Help, murther, rape, murther.

# The faire Maid of the West:

*Band.* Ile stop your mouth from bawling.

*Enter Duke of Florence, and a train,  
and Merchant.*

*Flor.* This way the cry came : resue for the Lady,  
Hold thy desperate fury, and arm thy self  
For my encounter.

*Band.* Hell prevented.

*Flor.* Vnbinde that beautious Lady, and pursue  
The Ruffin ; he that can bring his head shall have  
A thousand crowns propos'd for his reward :  
He should be Captain of those bloody theevs,  
That haunts our mountains, and of our dear subjects  
Hath oft made outrage. Go, see this proclaim'd.

*Besse* E're I, the happy wishes of my soul,  
My orizons to heaven, or make free tender  
Of a most bounden duty, grace my misery,  
To let me know, unto what worthy person,  
Of what degree or state, I owe the service  
Of a most wretched life, left in my ignorance,  
I prove an heretick to all good manners,  
And harshly so offend.

*Flor.* Fairest of thy sex, I need not question thine,  
Because I read a noblenesse in thy forehead ;  
But to resolve thee, know, I am stil'd, The Duke  
Of Florence, and of this countrey Prince.

*Besse* Then from my knees I fall flat on my face,  
In bound obeysance.

*Flor.* Rise,  
That earth's too base for such pure lips to kisse,  
They should rather joyn with a Princes, as at first  
Made for such use : nay, we will have it so.

*Merch.* That Lady, if my memory be faithfull  
Vnto my judgement, I shou'd have seen e're now,  
But where, what place, or in what countrey, now  
I cannot call to minde.

*Flor.*

# or, a Girle worth gold.

*Flor.* Where were you bred?

*Besse.* In England, roiall Sir.

*Merch.* In England?

*Flor.* By what strange adventure then  
Happened you en these coasts?

*Besse.* By shipwrack.

*Flor.* Then churlish were the waves t' expose you to  
Such danger. Whence disimbarke't you last?

*Besse.* From Barberie.

*Flor.* From Barberie? our Merchant, you came lately

*Merch.* 'Tis she, I now remember her, (thence)  
She did me a great curtesie, and I am proud,  
Fortune, how ever enemy to her,  
Has given me opportunity to make  
A just requitall.

*Flor.* What occasion  
Fair Lady, being of such state and beauty,  
Drew you from your own countrey, to expose you  
To so long travell.

*Merch.* Mighty Sovereign,  
Pardon my interuption, if I make bold  
To put your grace in minde of an English Virgin,  
So highly grac't by mighty *Mullisbeg*.

*Flor.* A legend, worthy to be writ in gold,  
Whose strangeness seem'd at first to exceed belief;  
And had not thy approved honesty  
Commanded our attention, we should have doubted  
That thou therein hadst much hyperboliz'd.

*Merch.* What would your grace give,  
To see that miracle of constancie,  
Shee who reliev'd so many Christian captives,  
Redeem'd so many of the Merchants goods,  
Beg'd of the king so many forfeitures,  
Kept from the Gallies some, and some from slaughter,  
She whom the king of *Fesse* never denied,  
But she deni'd him love; whose chastity

# The faire Maid of the West:

Conquer'd his lust, and maugre his incontinence,  
Made him admire her vertues.

*Flor.* The report

Strikes us with wonder and amazement too :  
But to behold the creature were a project,  
Worthy a theatre of Empéours ;  
Nay, gods themselves to be spectatoùrs.

*March.* Behold that wonder. Lady, know youſme ?

*Beffe* Not I, I can assure you, Sir.

*March.* Ile give you instance then ;

I was that Florentine :

Who being in *Fesse* ; for a strange outrage there,  
Six of my men were to the Gallies doom'd :  
But at your intercession to the king,  
Freely releast : for which, in this dejection,  
I pray accept these thousand crowns, to raise  
Your ruin'd fortunes.

*Beffe* You are gratefull, Sir, beyond my merit

*Flor.* I cannot blame great *Fesse*

To become inamour'd on so faire a creature.

You had a friend much grac'd by that same Moor,  
Whom, as our Merchant told us, you were espous'd to  
In the Court of *Fesse*, wher's he ?

*Beffe* I cannot speak it without tears.

*Flor.* Why, is he dead ?

*Beffe* I cannot say he lives.

*Flor.* How were you sever'd ?

*Beffe* It asks a sad relation.

*Flor.* Wee'll finde a fitter time to hear't. But now,  
Augment your griefs no further : on what coast  
Pray, were you shipwrack't ?

*Beffe* Vpon theſe neighbouring ſhoars ; where all the  
I had from Barbarie is perish't in the ſea. (wealth  
I that this morn commanded half a million,  
Have nothing now but this good merchants bounty.)

*Flor.* You are richer

# or, a Girle worth gold.

In our high favour, then all the royalty.

*Besse* could have crown'd your pearlesse beauty with :

He gave you gold; but we your almost forfeit chastitie.

*Besse*. A gift above the wealth of Barbarie.

*Flor.* Conduet this Ladie to the City streight,

And bear this our signet to our treasurer,

Command for her ten thousand crowns immediately.

Next to our wardrobe, and what choise of habit

Best likes her, 'tis her own;

Onely for all this grace, daign beauteous Lady,

That I may call you servant.

*Besse* Pardon me, Sir,

You are a Prince, and I am here your vassall.

*Flor.* Merchant,

As you respect our favour see this done.

*Besse* What must my next fall be ? I that this morning

Was rich in wealth and servants, and e're noon

Commanded neither : and next doom'd to death ;

Not death alone, but death with infamy.

But what's all this unto my *Spencers* losse ?

*Flor.* You to the City, wee'll pursue the chase.

Madam, be comforted, wee'll send; or see you ;

All your fortunes are not extinct in shipwrack,

The land affords you better if you'll be swai'd by us.

As first you fiade us, wee'll be still the same :

Oft have I chaç't nere found so fair a game.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Clem solus.*

*Clem.* Where are my Bashaw's now ? Let me see, what shall I do ? I have left my Mistrisse, where shall I have my wages ? Shee's peper'd by this : but if the Captain of the Bandetties had had but that grace and honour that I had when I was in Barbarie, he would not have been so lusty. Shee scapt drowning, which is the way of all fish, and by this is gone the way of all flesh. My Lieutenant hee's sure cut to pieces among the Bandetties, and so had I been,

# The faire Maid of the West:

had not my Bakers legs stept a little aside. My noble Captain and *Spencer*, they are either drowned i'th tempest, or murthered by the Pirates, and none is left alive but I *Clem*, poor *Clem*: but poor *Clem*, how wilt thou do now? what trick have you to satisfie *Colon*, here in a strange Countrey? It is not now with me as when *Andrea* liv'd. Now I bethink me; I have a trade, and that, they say, will stick by a man when his friends fail him: the City is hard by, and Ile see and I can be entertained to my old trade of drawing wine: if't be but an under skinker, I care not, better do so then like a prodigall feed upon husks and acorns.

Well, if I chance to lead my life under some happy signe,  
To my Countreymen still Ile fill the best wine. *Exit.*

*Enter Ruffman bleeding.*

*Ruff.* Wounded, but scapt with life: but *Besse* losse, that's it that grieves me inward: ravish't, perhaps, and murthered. Oh, if *Spencer* and *Goodlack* survive, how would they blame my cowardice? a threed spun, may be untwined, but things in nature done, undone can never be. Shee's lost, they are perish't, they are happy in their deaths, and I surviving left to the earth most miserable. No means to raise my self? I met a Pursuivant even now, proclaiming to the man could bring the head of the Bandies Captain, for his reward a thousand crowns: If not for gain of gold, yet for he injur'd *Besse*, that shall be my next task: What though I die?

Be this my comfort, that it chanc't me well,  
To perish by his hand by whom she fell. *Exit.*

*Enter Duke of Florence. Merchant.*

*Flor.* Our Merchant, have you done to'th English Lady As we commanded, did she take the gold?

*Merc.* After many complements, circumstances, Modest refusalls, sometimes with repulse,

# or, a Girle worth gold.

I forc't on her your bountie! Had you seen  
What a bewitching art she striv'd to use,  
Betwixt deniall, and disdain; contempt and thankfulness,  
You would have said, that out of a meer scorn  
I' accept your gift, she exprest such gratitude,  
As would demand a double donative.

*Flor.* And it has don't, it shall be doubl'd straight,  
Arising thence unto an infinite,  
If shee'll but grant us love. How for her habit?

*March.* With an inforst will, wilfull constraint,  
And a meer kinde of glad necessity,  
She put it on but to lament the death  
Of her lost husband.

*Flor.* Why, is he lost?

*Merch.* By all conjectures never to be found.

*Flor.* The lesse her hope is to recover him,  
The more our hopes remains to conquer her:  
Bear her from us this jewell, and withall  
Provide a banquet, bid her leave all mourning,  
This night in person we will visit her.

*Merch.* I shall.

*Flor.* Withall more gold.  
And if thou canst by way of conference,  
Get from her how she stands affected towards us:  
It shall not be the furthest way about  
To thy preferment and our speciall favour.

Enter a messenger.

*Mess.* The two bold Dukes of *Martha* and *Farara*,  
after many bloody garboils have entred league: and within  
these two daies mean to visit *Florence*, to make your  
Court a witnesse of their late concluded amity.

*Flor.* Wee'll receive them,  
As Princes that in this would honour us.

*Mess.* These letters will speak further.

*Flor.* Bear them streight

# The faire Maid of the West :

Vnto our Secretarie, and withall, give order,  
That all our Court may shine in gold and pearl,  
They never could have come in a happier season,  
Then when the great and high magnificence,  
Without suspect we would have shewn to her,  
Will be accounted honour done to them.  
In fates despight,  
we will not lose the honour of this night.

*Exit.*

*Enter Spence, Goodlack.*

*Spenc.* Farara was exceeding bountifull.

*Goodl.* So was the Duke of Mantua. Had we staid  
Within their confines, we might even till death  
Have liv'd in their high favour.

*Spenc.* Oh, but Captain,  
What would their Dukedomes gain me without Bess,  
Or all the world t'injoy it without her :  
Each passage of content or pleasing fortune,  
VVhen I record She has no part in it,  
Seems rather as an augmentation  
Of a more great disease.

*Goodl.* This be your comfort, that by this  
Shee's best part of her way for England, whither  
She is richly bound, then where she is most hopelessse  
Of this your safety,  
VVith your survivall to receive us gladly  
VVith an abundant treasure,

*Spenc.* But for that,  
I had sunk e're this beneath the weight of war.  
And chus'd an obscure death, before the glorie  
Of a renowned souldier. But we are now  
As farre as Florence onward of our way,  
VVere it best that we made tender of our service  
To the grand Duke ?

*Goodl.* 'Tis the greatest benefits of all our travells, to  
see forraigne Courts, and to discourse their fashions: let  
us

# or, a Girle worth gold.

us by no means negle~~et~~ that duty.

Spenc. Where were we best to lodge?

Goodl. Hard by is a Tavern, let's first drink there, and after make inquirie who's the best host for strangers.

Spenc. Come ho, where be these Drawers?

Enter a Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, I draw none my self, but Ile send some. Enter Clem with wine.

Clem. Welcome Gentlemen, Score a quart.

Spenc. Ha?

Goodl. How?

Clem. No, no, I am an asse, a very animall, it cannot be.

Spenc. Why dost thou bear the wine back, the slave thinks belike we have no money?

Goodl. What dost thou think us to be such casher'd soldiers that we have no cash. Tush, it cannot be he.

Spenc. How should he come here, set down the wine.

Clem. I will, I will, sir. Score a quart of —— Tricks, meer fantasmes. Shall I draw wine to shadows? so I might runne o'th score, and finde no substance to pay for it.

Spenc. Let's we not him a shipboard on his voyage to-wards England with my

Goodl. With Besse, true, Sirra, set down the wine.

Clem. Some Italian Mountebanks, upon my life, meer jugling.

Goodl. Upon my life 'tis Clem.

Clem. Ca, Ca, Cap. Captain? Maister Spencer?

Spenc. Clem?

Clem. I am Clem.

Spenc. And I am Spencer.

Goodl. And I Goodlack, but cannot think thee Clem.

Clem. Yes, I am Clem of Foy, the Bashaw of Barbarie, who from a Courtier of Fesse, am turn'd a Drawer in Florence: but let me clear my eies better; now I know you to be the same whose throats the Pirates would have cut, and have spoiled your drinkings.

# The faire Maid of the West:

Spenc. Oh, tell us, and be brief in thy relation,  
What hapened you, after the sudden tempest  
Sever'd our ships ? or what's become of Bessie ?

Goodl. Where did our Negro touch ?

Clem. Ile give you a touch, take it as you will : The  
Negro and all that was in her was wrack't on the coast of  
of Florence, her, and all the wealth that was in her, all  
drownd i'th bottome of the sea.

Spenc. No matter for the riches , wher's she, worth  
More then ship or goods ?

Goodl. Wher's Ruffman ? for thou we see art safe.

Spenc. Nay speak, wher's Bessie ?  
How my heart quails within me ?

Clem. She, Ruffman , and I were all cast ashore safe,  
like so many drowned Rats , where we were no sooner  
landed, but we were set upon by the Bandetties ; where  
she was bound to a tree, and ready to be ravish't by the  
Captain of the Out-laws.

Spenc. Oh, worse then shipwrack could be.'

Clem. I see Ruffman half cut in pieces with rescuing her,  
but whether the other half be alive or no, I cannot tell.  
For my one part , I made shift for one, my heels doing  
me better service then my hands : and comming to the  
City, having no other means to live by, got me to my old  
trade to draw wine , where I have the best wine in Flo-  
rence for you Gentlemen.

Spenc. Ravish't.

Goodl. And Ruffman slain.

Spenc. Oh, hard news :  
It frets all my blood, and strikes me stiffe with  
Horroure and amazement.

Goodl. It strikes me  
Into a marble statue, for with such  
I have like sense and feeling.

Spenc. Tell me Captain,  
Wilt thou give me leave at length to despaij

And

# or, a Girle worth gold.

And kill my self : I will disclaim all further  
Friendship with thee, if thou perswad'st me live,  
Ravish't !

*Goodl.* Perhaps attempted but prevented,  
Will you before you know the utmost certainty,  
Destroy your self ?

*Spenc.* What is this world ? what's man ? are we created  
Out of flint or iron, that we are made to bear this ?

*Goodl.* Comfort, Sir.

*Clem.* Your onely way is to drink wine if you be in  
grief, for that's the onely way, the old proverb saies, to  
comfort the heart.

*Goodl.* Hark where we lie, and I prethee *Clem* lets hear  
from thee, but now leave us.

*Clem.* I will make bould inquire you out, and if you  
want mony (as many travellers may) as long as I have ei-  
ther credit, wages, or any coyne i'th world, you shall not  
want, as I am a true Eunuch.

*Exit Clem.*

*Enter Florence unsuring Besse, Train.*

*Goodl.* Let's stand aside and suffer these Gallants passe,  
that with their state take a whol street before them.

*Flor.* Our Coach, stay, wee'll back some half houre  
Onely conduct this Lady to her lodging. (hence,  
Ha, started you, Sweet, whence fetcht  
You that sigh. Our train lead on,  
W'have other businesse now to think upon. *Exeunt.*

*Besse casts a jewell.*

*Goodl.* Sure this was some great Lady.

*Spenc.* But observ'd you not this jewell that shee  
cast me ? 'tis a rich one.

*Goodl.* Believe me, worthy your wearing.

*Spenc.* What might she be to whom I am thus bound ?  
I'me here a stranger, never till this day  
Beheld I Florence, nor acquaintance, friend ;  
Especially of Ladies.

# The faire Maid of the West:

Goodl. By their train,  
The man that did support her by the arm  
Was of some speciall note ; and she a Lady  
Nobly descended. Why should she throw you this,  
Being a meer stranger ?

Spenc. Ther's some my~~g~~erry in't,  
If we could finde the depth on't, sure there is.

Goodl. Perhaps some newly fallein in love with you,  
Now at first sight, and hurl'd that as a favour.

Spencer. Yet neither of us  
had or the wit or sense to enquire her name :  
Ile weare it openly and see if any  
Will challenge it : the way to know her best.

Goodl. And I would so.

Spenc. Ile truce a while with sorrow for my Besser,  
Till I finde th'event.

Goodl. And at best leasure  
Tender our service to the Duke,  
Whom fame reports to be a bounteous prince,  
And liberall to all strangers.

Spenc. 'Tis decreed -  
But howsoe're his favoure he impart,  
My Besser losse will still sit near my heart. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish.*

*Enter Florence, Mantua, Farara.*

Flo. This honour you have done me, worthy Princes,  
In leaving of your Courts to visit me,  
We reckon as a trophe of your loves,  
And shall remain a future monument,  
Of a more firme and perfect amitie.

Mant. To you, as to the greatest, most honour'd,  
And most esteemed Prince of Italy,  
After a tedious opposition,  
And much effuse of blood, this Prince and I,  
Late reconcil'd, make a most happy tender  
Of our united league.

*Farara.*

# or, a Girle worth gold.

*Farar.* Selecting you  
A royall witnesse of this union,  
Which to expresse, we come to feast with you,  
To sport and revell, and in full largesse,  
To spread our royall bounty through your Court.

*Flor.* What neither letters nor Ambassadours,  
Solliciting by factions, or by friends,  
Heavens hand hath done by your more calmer temper.

*Mant.* All resistalls,  
Quarells, and ripping up of injuries,  
Aresmother'd in the ashes of our wrath,  
Whose fire is now extincket.

*Farar.* Which who so kindles,  
Let him be held a new *Herostratus*,  
Who was so hated throughout *Ephesus*,  
They held it death to name him.

*Flor.* Nobly spoke.  
And now confederate Princes, you shall finde,  
By our rich entertainment, how w'esteem  
Your friendship. Speak, have we no Ladies here  
To entertain these princes?

## Enter Besso.

*Mant.* Me thinks I spie one beauty in this place,  
Worth all the sights that I have seen before.  
I thinke, survay the spacious world abroad,  
Youscarce can finde her equall.

*Farar.* Had not wonder,  
And deep amazement curb'd my speech in,  
I had foretall'd this Prince in approbation  
Of her comparelesse beauty.

*Flor.* Taste her Princes.  
This surfeits me, and ads unto my love,  
That they should thus admir her.

*Mantua.* Beauteous Lady,  
It is not my least honour to be first

# *The faire Maid of the West:*

*Besse.* In this most wish'd sollicite:

*Besse.* I stand a statue,  
And cannot move but by anothers will,  
And as I am commanded.

*Farar.* I should have wrastled for priority,  
But that I hold it as a blessing,  
To take off that kisse which he so late laid on,

*Flor.* Now tell me Princes,  
How do you like my judgement in the choice  
Of a fair mistrisse?

*Mart.* You shall choose for me.

*Farar.* More happy in this beauty, I account you,  
Then in your richest treasure.

*Flor.* Wer't not clouded o're  
With such a melancholly sadnessse, I'de  
Not change it for the wealth of Italy.  
Sweet, cheer this brow whercon ne frown can sit,  
But it will ill become you.

*Besse.* Sir, I bleed.

*Flor.* Ha, bleed?  
I would not have a sad and ominous fate  
Hang o're thee for a million:  
Perhaps 'tis custome with you.

*Besse.* I have observed  
Even from my childehood, never fell from hence  
One crimson drop, but either my greatest enemy,  
Or my dearest friend was near.

*Flor.* Why, we are here,  
Fixt to thy side thy dearest friend on earth.  
If that be all, fear nothing.

*Besse.* Pardon, Sir,  
Both modesty and manners pleads for me  
And I must needs retire.

*Flor.* Our train attend her,  
Let her have all observance. By my royalty,  
I would not have her taste the least disaster

For

# or, a Girle worth gold.

For more then we can promise. Exit.

*Ferar.* You have onely shewed us a rich Jewell, Sir,  
And put it in a casket.

*Mant.* Of what countrey,  
Fortune, or birth doth she proclaim her self ?  
For by her garb and language we may guesse,  
She was not bred in *Florence*.

*Flor.* Seat you Princes, Ile tell you a strange project,

*Enter Spencer and Goodlack.*

*Spenc.* I have walk't the streets, but finde not any that  
will make challenge of this jewell. Captain, now wee'll  
try the Court.

*Goodl.* Beware of these Italians,  
They are by nature jealous and revengefull,  
Not sparing the most basest opportunity,  
That may procure your danger.

*Spencer.* Innocence  
Is bold and cannot fear. But see the Duke,  
Wee'll tender him the solemnst reverence  
Of travellers and strangers. Peace, prosperitie,  
And all good fates attend your royalty.

*Goodl.* Behold, w're two poor English Gentlemen,  
Whom travell hath enforc't through your Dukedom,  
As next way to our countrey, prostrate you  
Our lives and service : 'tis not for reward,  
Or hope of gain we make this tender to you,  
But our free loves.

*Flor.* That which so freely comes,  
How can we scorn ? what are you Gentlemen ?

*Mant.* Ile speak for this.

*Ferar.* And I for him,  
Well met renowned Englishman  
Here in the Court of *Florence* : this was he,  
Great Duke, whom fame hath for his valour blazon'd ;  
Not onely through *Mantua*,

# The faire Maid of the West.

But through the spacious bounds of Italie,  
Where'twas shwon.

*Ferar.* Hath fame been so injurious to thy merit,  
That this great Court is not already fil'd  
With rumour of their matchlesse chevalrie.

*Flor.* If these be they, as by their outward semblance,  
They promise not much leise: fame hath been harbinger  
To speak their praise before hand. Noble Gentlemen,  
You have much grac't our Court; we thank you for't:  
And though no way according to your merits,  
Yet will we strive to cherish such brave spirits.

*Spenc.* Th'acceptance of our smalleſt service, Sir,  
Is bounty above gold: w'are poor Gentlemen,  
And though we cannot, gladly would deserve.

*Goodl.* 'Tas pleas'd these princes to bestow on us  
Too great a character: and gild our praises  
Far above our deserts.

*Flor.* That's but your modesty.  
English Gentlemen, let fame speak for you.

*Farar.* Gentlemen of England, we pardon you all duty,  
We accept you as our friends and our companions:  
Such you are, and such we do esteem you.

*Spencer.* Mighty Prince,  
Such boldnesse wants excuse.

*Flor.* Come wee'll ha't so.  
Amazement, can it be? Sure 'tis the self same jewell  
I gave the English Lady: more I view it,  
More it confirmes my knowledge: now is no time  
To question it, once more renowned Englishmen,  
Welcome to us and to these Princes.

Enter Ruffman.

*Ruff.* Can any man shew mee the great Duke of  
Florence?

*March.* Behold the Prince.

*Ruff.* Daigne, thou renowned Duke, to cast thy eyes  
Upon a poor dejected Gentleman,

Whom

# or, a Girle worth gold.

Whom fortune hath dejected even to nothing.  
I have nor meat nor money ; these rags are all my riches ;  
Onely necessity compells me claim  
A debt owing by you.

*Flor.* By us?

Let's know the summe, and how the debt acriues.

*Ruff.* You have proclaim'd to him could bring the head  
Of the Bandetties Captain, for his reward,  
A thousand crowns. Now I being a Gentleman,  
A traveller, and in want, made this my way  
To raise my ruin'd hope : I singled him, (shoulders  
Fought with him hand to hand, and from his bloody  
Loft this head.

*Flor.* Boldly and bravely done : what e're thou be  
Thou shalt receive it from our treasurie.

*Ruff.* You shew your self as fame reports you,  
A bounteous Prince, and liberall to all strangers.

*Flor.* From what countrey  
Do you claim your birth ?

*Ruff.* From *England*, royall Sir ?

*Flor.* These bold Englishmen,  
I think are all compos'd of spirit and fire,  
The element of earth hath no part in them.

*Mant.* If, as you say, from *England*, we retein  
Some of your Countreymen ; know you these Gentlemen ?

*Ruff.* Let me no longer live in extasie,  
This wonder will confound me : Noble friends,  
Bootlesse it were to ask you why, because  
I finde you here. Illustrious Duke, you owe  
Me nothing now, to shew me these, is reward  
Beyond what you proclaim'd : the rest I pardon.

*Flor.* What these are we know,  
And what thou art we need not question much,  
That head though mute can speak it.  
Princes, once more receive our royall welcome.  
Oh, but the jewell : but of that at leisure

# The faire Maid of the West:

Now we cannot stay. Our train, lead on. *Florish.*

*Exeunt Dukes.*

*Spenc.* Oh, that we three so happily should meet,  
And want the fourth.

*Ruff.* I left her in the hands of rape and murther,  
Whence, except some deity,  
'Twas not in the power of man to rescue her;  
How ever, a good office I have done her,  
Which even in death her soul will thank me for,  
Reveng'd her on that villain.

*Goodl.* It hath exprest the noblenesse of thy Spirit,  
For it we still shall owe thee.

*Ruff.* But what adventure hath prefer'd you  
And brought you thus in grace?

*Goodl.* You shall hereafter  
Perake of that at large. But leaving this discourse,  
With our joynt persuasions let's strive to comfort him,  
That's nothing but discomfort.

*Ruff.* Would I had brought him news of that rare ver  
Yet you have never heard of our late shipwrack. *(tuc.*

*Goodl.* Clem reported it.

*Ruff.* How Clem, wher's he?

*Goodl.* He has got a service hard by, and draws wine.

*Ruff.* His master may well trust him with his maids,  
For since the Beshaws gelded him, he has learn'd  
To run exceeding nimbly.

*Enter Merchant.*

*Merch.* Sir, 'tis to you, I take it,  
My message is directed.  
The Duke would have some conference with you, but  
it must be in private.

*Spenc.* I am his servant, still at his command.  
Where shall's meet anon.

*Goodl.* At Clem's.

*Spencer.* Content.

*Goodl.*

# or, a Girle worth gold.

Goodl. Where wee'll make a due relation of all our  
desperate fortunes.

Ruff. 'Tis concluded.

Exeunt

Explicit Actus quartus.

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## Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Enter Duke of Florence and Spencer.

Flor. I Cannot rest till I am fully resolv'd  
About this jewell. Sir, we sent to stay you,  
And wean you some small season from your friends :  
And you above the rest, because your presence  
Doth promise good discourse.

Spenc. Sir, I am all yours.

Flor. How long hath been your sojourn here in Flo-  
Spencer Two daies, no more. (rence ?

Flor. Have you since your arivall  
Retain'd no beauteous Mistrisse ? Pardon me,  
Sir, that I am come thus near you.

Spencer. On my soul  
Not any, royall Sir.

Flor. Think it my love that I presume thus farre  
To question you. Have you observ'd no Ladie  
Of speciall note, courted or discourtst with any  
Within these two daies.

Spenc. Vpon my honour, none.

Flor. You are a souldier and a Gentleman,  
And should speak all truth.

Spenc. If otherwise, I should disclaim my gentry.

Flor. I beleev you, Sir. You have a rich jewell here,  
Worthy a Princes wearing : twere not modestie

# The faire Maid of the West:

To ask how you came by it, or from whom.

Spenc. Nor can I, Sir, resolve you, if you did:  
But it was cast me by a Lady, of whom  
As then I took small notice of, my minde  
Being troubled.

Flor. 'Tis even so.

Spenc. Perhaps your grace by knowing of this jewell,  
May know the beauteous flinger, and so  
You might engage me deeply to acquaint me with her,  
To prove her gratefull debtor.

Flor. No such thing,  
You know none in this Citie?

Spenc. Worse then scorn,  
Or foul disgrace befall me if I know  
Any you can call woman.

Flor. Be not moved,  
I spoke but this in sport. Sure this strange Lady,  
Casting her eye upon this Gentleman,  
Grew straight rf him in amour'd, which makes her  
Keep off from my embraces: but Ile sound all,  
Yet my own wrongs prevent. Sir, I staid you,  
But to another purpose, to commit  
A weighty secret to you.

Spenc. Wer't of millions,  
Ide prove your faithfull steward.

Flor. I have a Mistrisse that I tenderdearer  
Then mine own eyes. Observe me, dearer Sir,  
Whom neither courtship moves, favours can work,  
Nor no preferment tempt.

Spenc. How rich were he  
Could call himself lord of such a jewell.

Flor. My intreaties, friends, persuasions, importunitie  
Of my chast Ladies cannot prevail at all.  
Now would I chose a stranger, selecting thee,  
To bear to her these few lines which contein  
The substance of my minde,

Spencer

# or, a Girle worth gold.

*Spencer.* And Sir, I shall.

*Flor.* In thy aspect  
I read a fortune that should destine me  
To strange felicities. Wilt thou be faithfull?

*Spenc.* As to my soul.

*Flor.* But thou shalt swear before thou undertak'st it;  
(Though I suspect not falsehood in thy visage)  
Not once to cast on her an amorous look,  
Speak to her no familiar syllable,  
Not to embrace her, nor to kisse her hand,  
Nor her free lip by no means.

*Spenc.* Well, I swear.

*Flor.* But that's not all,  
Swear by thy faith and thy religion:  
Not to taste the least small fauour for thy self,  
Touch or come near her bosome; for, fair stranger,  
I love her above measure, and that love  
Makes me thus jealous.

*Spenc.* By my honesty,  
Faith, and religion, without free release  
From your own lips, all this will I perform.

*Flor.* And so return the richest Englishman,  
That ever pierst our Dukedom. Instantly  
Thou shalt about thy task.      *Exeunt.*

*Enter Bessie, Merchant.*

*Bessie* You have tir'd our ears with your long discourse,  
Leave us to rest.

*Merch.* Dream on your best desires.

*Bessie* If at some half hourc hence you visit us,  
We shall be free for language.

*Merch.* Soft rest with you.

*Bessie* If my soft sleeps presents me any shadow,  
Oh, let it be my Spencers, him whom waking  
I cannot see, I may in dreams perhaps  
Converse with, my sudden bleeding and my drowsinesse,

# The faire Maid of the West:

Should not presage me good : pray heaven the Duke  
Prove loyall to mine honour : howsoever  
Death will end all : and I presume on this  
'Tis way to *Spencer*, and my haven of blisse.

*Shee lies to sleep.*

*Enter Spencer.*

*Spenc.* What beauty should this be, on whom the Duke  
Is grown so jealous : sure 'tis some rare piece ;  
He tould me she was fairer then I could either  
Judge, Or yet imagine.

Would *Besse* were here to wager beauties with her,  
For all my hopes in England. This is the Chamber :  
Ha, thus far off she seems to promise well,

Ile take a nearer and more free survay,  
This taper shall assist me : fail my eies ?  
Or meet I nothing else but prodigies ?

Oh heavens, it is my *Besse* ; Oh, sudden rapture !

Let me retire to more considerate thoughts.

What should I think, but presently to wake her ?

And being mine, to seize her where I finde her.

Oh, but mine oath, that I should never, never

Lie with her being my wife, nor kisse her, touch her,  
Speak to her one familiar syllable.

Can oaths binde thus ? My honesty, faith, and  
Religion are all ingag'd, ther's no dispence for them,

And yet in all this conflict to remember

How the Duke prais'd her vertu, chastitie,

And constancie, whom nothing could corrupt,

Ads to my joyes. But on the neck of this,

It laies a double torture on my life.

First to forsware, then leave so fair a wife.

*She starts.*

*Besse.* I am all distraction. In my sleep  
I saw him, could I but behold him waking,  
That were a heaven. Ha, do I dream still ?  
Or was I born to see

*Nothing*

# or, a Girle worth gold.

Nothing but strange illusions. Spenser: Love:

Spencer I am neither.

(guage:

Besse Thou hast his shape, his gate, his face, his lan-  
Onely these words of thine and strange behaviour,  
Never came from him. Let me imbrace thee.

Spenc. No.

Besse Then kisse me.

Spenc. No.

Besse Yet speak me fair.

Spenc. I cannot.

Bess. Look on me.

Spenc. I must not, I will not, fare thee well:

Yet first read that.

Besse I have read too much already within thy change  
of looks.

Spenc. Oh me my oath;

Ide chop off this right hand to cancell it.

Besse But if not now, when then?

Spenc. Never.

Besse Not kisse me?

Spenc. No.

Besse Not fold mee in thine arms?

Spenc. Not.

Besse Nor cast a gratiouys look upon thy Besse?

Spenc. I dare not.

Besse Never.

Spenc. No never.

Besse Oh, I shall die. *She founds.*

Spenc. She faints, and yet I dare not for my oath  
Once to support her. Dies before mine eies.

And yet I must not call her back to life.

Where is the Duke? some help, no Ladies nigh?

Are you all, all asleep or dead,

Ther's no more noise in Court?

*Enter Duke and his train.*

Flo. Ha, what's the busincesse, noble friend, what

How

# The faire Maid of the West :

How speed you with my Mistresse ?

Spenc. You may see there on the ground, half  
In the grave already. So fare you well,  
What grief mine is, those that love best can tell. (Mistresse)

Flor. Support her. Speak love, look up divinest Mi-

Bess. You said you would not speak, nor look, nor  
touch your Bessie.

Flor. Who I ?

By all my hopes I ne're had such a thought.

Bessie Oh, I mistook.

Flor. Why do you look so gastly about the room ?  
Whom do's your eyes enquire for ?

Bessie Nothing, nay, no body.

Flor. Why do you weep ?

Bessie Hath some new love possest him, and excluded  
Me from his bosome ? can it be possible ?

Flor. All leave the chamber.

Bessie But Ile be so reveng'd as never woman was :  
Ile be a president to all wives hereafter,  
How to pay home their proud negleffull husbands ;  
'Tis in my way, I've power, and Ile do it.

Flor. What is't offends you ?

Bessie 'Tis you have don't.

Flor. Wee ?

Bessie If you be the Prince :

Ther's but one man I hate above all the world,  
And you have sent him to torment me here.

Flor. What satisfaction shall I make thee for't ?

Bessie This, and this onely ; If you have any interest  
In him, or power above him : if you be a Prince  
In your own countrey, have command and rule  
In your own dominions, freely resigne his person  
And his state solely to my disposure,

Flor. But whence grows  
The ground of such inveterate hate ?

Bess. All circumstance to omit,

# or, a Girle worth gold.

He, and onely he ravish't me from my countrey,  
He was the cause of all my afflictions,  
Tempests, shipwrack, fears. I never had just cause  
Of care and grief but he was author of it.

Speak, is he mine?

*Flor.* What interest I can claim, either by oath  
Or promise, thou art Commandresse of.

*Besse.* Then I am yours;  
And to morrow in the publike view of all  
The stranger Princes, Courtiers, and Ladies,  
I will expresse my self. This night I intreat  
I may repose my self in my own lodging  
For private meditations.

*Flor.* What we have promist,  
Is in our purpose most irrevocable,  
And so we hope is yours.

*Besse.* You may presume, my lord:

*Flor.* Conduct this Lady to her chamber,  
Let her have all observance: we will lay  
Our strict command on him, lest he should leave  
Our City before our summons, 'tis to morrow, then,  
Shall happy thee, make us most blest of men. *Exit Duke.*

*Besse.* Now shall I quite him home,  
Th'ingrate shall know,  
'Tis above patience to be injur'd so.

*Merch.* Will you walk Lady, or take your coach?  
*Besse.* That we the streets more freely may survay,  
We'll walk along. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clem with his pots.*

*Clem.* Let me see, three quarts, two pottles, one gallon  
and a pinte, one pinte, two quarts more, then I have my  
load: thus are we that are under- journeymen put too't.  
Oh the fortune of the seas; never did any man that mar-  
ries a whore, so cast himself away, as I had been like i'ch  
last tempest: yet nothing vexes me so much, that after all

# The faire Maid of the West:

my travells, no man that meets me but may say, and say very truely, I am now no better then a pot companion.

Enter *Besse, Merchant.*

*Besse* That should be *Clem* my man, give me some gold,  
Here, Sirra, drink this to the health  
Of thy old Mistris. Vsher on,  
We have more serious things to think upon.

*Clem.* Mistris *Besse*, Mistris *Elizabeth*, 'tis shee: ha,  
gold: hence pewter pots, Ile be a pewter porter no longer:  
my Mistris turn'd Gallant, and shall I do nothing but run  
up stares and down stares with, Anon, anon, Sir? no, I  
have gold, and anon will be as gallant as the proudest of  
them. Shall I stand at the Bar to bar any mans casting that  
drinks hard? no, Ile send these pots home by some por-  
ter or other, put my self into a better habit, and say, The  
case is alter'd; then will I go home to the bush where I  
drew wine, and buy out my time, and take up my Cham-  
ber, be served in pomp by my fellow prentises:  
I will presently thither,  
Where I will flaunt it in my Cap and my Feather.

Enter *Goodlack, Spencer, Ruffman.*

*Goodl.* You tell us of the strangest wonderment that  
ever came within the compasse of my knowledge.

*Spenc.* I tell you but what's true.

*Goodl.* It cannot finde example. Did you leave her  
those extremities of passion?

*Spenc.* I think dying, or the next way to death.

*Goodl.* To chear you,  
The Dukes own witnesse of her constancy,  
And vertue, arm'd against all temptations,  
Part of your griefs should lessen.

*Spenc.* Rather friend,  
Augment my passions, to be forc'd to lose,  
And quite abjure so sweet a bedfellow.

Oh,

# or, a Girle worth gold.

Oh, it breeds more distraction.

*Goodl.* VVer't my cause,  
I'de to the Duke and claim her, beg for justice,  
And through the populous court clamor my wrongs,  
If he detain her from you.

*Spenc.* But my oath  
Ties me from that, I have quite abjur'd her,  
I have renounc'd her freely, cast her off,  
Disclaim'd her quite: I can no more  
Interest claim in her, then *Goodluck*  
Thou, or *Ruffman* thou.

*Goodl.* 'Tis most strange, let's examine all our brains,  
How this may be avoided.

*Ruff.* How now *Clem*, you loyter here, the house is full  
of guests, and you are extreamly call'd for.

*Clem.* You are deceived my Lieutenant, Ile assure you,  
you speak to as good a man as my self: Do you want any  
money?

*Goodl.* Canst thou lend me any?

*Clem.* Look, I am the lord of these mines, of these  
Indies.

*Ruff.* How camest thou by them?

*Clem.* A delicate sweet Lady, meeting me i'th street,  
like an Asse groaning under my heavy burthen, and be-  
ing inamour'd of my good parts, gave me this gold: if  
you think I lie, examine all these pots, whose mouthes, if  
they could speak, would say as much in my behalf. But  
if you want any money, speak in time, for if I once turn  
Courtier again, I will scorn my poor friends, look scurvily  
upon my acquaintance, borrow of all men, be beholding  
to any man, and acknowledge no man: and my Motto  
shall be, *Base is the man that pries*.

*Ruff.* But *Clem*, how camest thou by this gold?

*Clem.* News, news, though not the lost sheep, yet the  
lost shrew is found, my Mistris, Mistris *Elizabeth*, 'tis she,  
she meeting me i'th street, seeing I had a pot or two too

# The faire Maid of the West:

much, gave me ten pounds in a purse to pay for it, *Ecce signum.*

*Enter a Lord.* (Gentlemen,

*Lord* The Duke hath summond your appearance,  
And laies his power of love, not of command,  
To visit him in Court.

*Clem.* I am put into the number too, if he be a tall  
man, tell him we will attend his highnesse.

*Lord* Fellow, my language was not aim'd at you.

*Clem.* But Sir, Ile make bold to come at first bidding.

*Lord* Sir, your reward staies for you at Court,  
For bringing of the out-law'd Captains head,  
Ther's order tane for't from the treasurie.

*Ruff.* The Duke is just and royall. VVee'll attend you.

*Clem.* And Ile go furnish my self with some better ac-  
countments, and Ile be with you to bring presently.

*Enter Florence, Mantua, and Farara.*

*Mant.* There is not in your looks renowned *Florence*,  
That sommers calme, and sweet alacritie  
That was wont there to shine, a winters storm  
Sits threatening on your discontented brow.  
May we desire the cause.

*Flor.* VVhich you shall know.

Princes, the fierce and bloody moors, have late  
Committed outrage on our seas, especially,  
One mightie Bashaw, 'gainst whom w'have sent  
*Petro Deventuro*, one of our best Sea Captains,  
And, till we hear of his successe, w'are bard  
Of much content.

*Enter Merchant.*

*Merc.* My lord, good news, *Petro Deventuro* is return'd  
With happy victory, and many noble prisoners,  
And humbly laies his conquest at your feet.

*Enter Petro, Bashaw.*

*Flor.* *Petro*, welcome.

*This*

# or, a Girle worth gold.

This thy service shall not die unrewarded. Freely relate  
The manner of thy Sea fight.

Petro. Then thus, great Duke.

This noble Bashaw: noble I must call him,  
For he deserves that worthy attribute,  
Did lord o're these our seas, appointed well;  
Laden with many a rich and golden spoil,  
Not weak to us in number, being in ken,  
We had him and his Gallies straight in chase:  
He ne're set sail or fled: afar our ordnance plaid;  
Comming more near, our muskets and our small shot,  
Like showers of hail begun the slaughter;  
There this Bashaw then perceiving straight  
That he must either yeeld or die: his Semiter  
He pointed to his breast, thinking thereon  
To perish, had not my coming staid him.

Ioffer. Nor think, bold Christian,  
That I can commend, or thank thee for't,  
For who that's noble will not prize brave death  
Before a slavish bondage: had I died  
By mine own hand, 'thad been a soldiers pride.

Flor. Although a prisoner captive and a Moor,  
Yet use him like the noblest of his nation.  
And now withdraw with him, till wee  
Determine of his ransome.      *Exit.*

*Enter Merchant and Besse: also Spencer,  
Ruffman, Goodlack.*

Merch. Way there for the Dukes Mistrisse.

Spenc. Ha, the Dukes Mistris, said he:

Goodl. It was harsh.

Besse Keep off, we would have no such rubs as these,  
Trouble our way? but have them swept aside,  
A company of base companions, to do no reverence  
To a Princes Mistrisse.

# The faire Maid of the West:

Spenc. Heare you that?

Merch. Give back, you trouble the presence.

Goodl. This cannot be *Besse*, but some Furie hath stoln  
her shape.

Ruff. It seems strange.

Spenc. But unto me most horrid.

*Besse*. Great Duk, I come to keep my promise with you,  
if you keep your word with me.

Flor. These kinde regrets are unto me more welcome  
Then my late victory got at Sea :

Will't please you take your seat? (Negro?)

Merc. Is not yon *Spencer*, and that the Captain of the  
Spenc, What shall we next behold?

Flor. Yet are you mine?

*Besse*. From all the world, great *Florence*, witnesse this,  
You ne're had yet a voluntary kisse.

Spenc. 'Sfoot I could tear my hair off.

Flor. Second your kindnesse, let these Princes see  
Your tempting lips solely belongs to me.

*Besse*. Ther's one again, it sursets me 'bove measure,  
To be a Princes darling, and choice treasure.

Spencer. Hold me Goodlack, or I shall break out,  
Into some dangerous outrage.

Goodl. Shew in this your wisdom, and quite suppress  
your fury.

Flor. Princes, I fear you have mistook your selves  
In these two strangers; for I have little hope  
To finde them worthy your great character.

Mant. There must be great presumption that must  
force belief to that.

Farar. Nay more then presumptions, proofs,  
Or they will win small credit.

Flor. You had from us Lady, a costly jewell,  
It cost ten thousand crowns, speak, can you shew it?

*Besse*. I kept it chary  
As mine own heart, because it came from you;

But

# or, a Girle worth gold.

But hurrying through the street, some cheating fellow,  
Snatcht it from my arm, therefore my suit is  
With whomsoe're the jewell may be found,  
The slave may die.

*Flor.* His sentence thine, we never will revoke it.  
Our Merchant, search all our Courtiers and such  
Strangers as are within our Court.

*Merch.* Her's one of no mean lustre that this Gentle-  
man wears in his hat.

*Flor.* Reach it the Lady.

*Goodl.* This cannot be *Besse Bridges*, but some *Medusa*,  
Chang'd into her lively portraiture.

*Besse.* Princes, the thief is found: what e're he be  
That's guilty of this felony, I beg  
That I may be his sentencer.

*Flor.* Thou shalt.

*Besse.* If you have any intrest in his blood,  
His oaths or vows, freely resigne them, him,  
And all at my dispose.

*Flor.* Have we not don't?

*Farar.* Who can with the least honour speak for him,  
The thief being so apparant?

*Clem.* Now if she should challenge me with the purse  
she gave me, and hang me up for my labour, I should curse  
the time that ever I was a courtier.

*Besse.* Let me descend, and e're I judge the Fellow,  
Survey him first. 'Tis pity, for it seems  
He hath an honest face. *The word was never.*

*Goodl.* What *Besse*, forget your self? (ses.)

*Besse.* An indifferent proper man, and take these cour-  
You said you would not speak, nor look upon, nor touch your.

*Besse.*

*Spenc.* I could be a new *Sinon* and betray  
A second *Troy*, rather then suffer this.

*Besse.* Good outward parts, but in a forraign clime  
Shame your own countrey. *Never think of that.*

*Spenc.*

# The faire Maid of the West :

*Spencer.* I fear my heart will break,  
It doth so struggle for eruption forth.

*Flor.* When do you speak his sentence, Lady?

*Bess.* You'l coſfirm't what e're it be.

*Flor.* As we are Prince we will.

*Besse.* Set forth the prisoner.

*Merch.* Stand forward Englishman.

*Besse.* Then hear thy doom, I give thee back thy life,  
And in thy arms throw a most constant wife;  
If Thou hast rashly sworn, thy oaths are free,  
Th'art mine by gift, I give my ſelf to thee.

*Flor.* Lady, we understand not this.

*Bess.* Shall I make it plain?  
This is, great Duke, my husband,  
Whose vertues even the barbarous Moors admir'd.  
This the man for whom a thouſand dangers I've endur'd,  
Of whom the best approved Croniclers,  
Might write a golden legend.

*Merch.* My lord, I know that Gentleman  
For *Spencer*, and her husband, for mine eyes  
Saw them espous'd in *Fesse*: that Gentleman,  
As I take it, was Captain of the Negro,  
Th'other his Lieutenant.

*Clem.* And do not you know me?

*Merch.* Not I, Sir.

*Clem.* I am Baſhaw of Barbarie, by the ſame token I  
ſould certain precious ſtones to purchase the place.

*Flo.* Lady, you told us he was the author  
Of all your troubles, cares, and fears.

*Besse.* I told true, his love was cauſe of all,  
It drew me from my Countrey in his queſt,  
When I despair'd: and finding him in *Fesse*,  
Oh do but think great Duke if e're you lov'd,  
What might have bought him from you.  
Had my *Spencer* been an *Euridice*,  
I would have plaid the *Orpheus*,

And

# or, a Girle worth gold.

And found him out in hell.

*Flor.* We now perceive,  
The cause of all these errors his unkindnesse,  
Grounded on his rash oath, which we release ;  
And all those vertues, honours, and renowns,  
Which e'ne the barbarous Moors seem'd to admire,  
Wee'll dignifie and raise their suffrage higher,

*All.* Florence is honourable.

*Enter Ioffer, Venturo.*

*Flor.* Bring in the Bashaw, call *Venturo* forth.

*Ioffer* Duke, I am prisoner,  
Put me to ransome or to death : But to death rather,  
For me thinks, a Souldier should not outlive bondage.

*Spenc.* Bashaw *Ioffer* ?  
Leave my embraces, *Besse*, for I of force am cast  
Into his arms. My noble friend ?

*Ioff.* I know you not, and I could wish you did not  
know me, now I am a prisoner, a wretch, a captive, and  
such a one as I would not have my friends to know. I pray  
stand off.

*Spenc.* Because you are in durance,  
Should I not know you ? no :  
For then the noblest mindes should friends best know.  
Have you forgot me, Sir ?

*Ioff.* No ; were I in freedome and my princely honours,  
I should then be proud to call you *Spencer*,  
And my friend, but now.

*Spenc.* An English vertue thou shalt try,  
That for my life once didst not fear to die.  
That for his noble office done to me,  
Embrace him *Besse*, dear *Goodlack*, and the rest,  
Whilst to this Prince I kneel. This was the Bashaw,  
King *Mallisbeg* made him great Viceroy of Argiers.  
I know not, Prince, how he is fald so low,  
But if my self, my friends, and all my fortunes  
May redeem him home, unto my naked skin

# *The faire Maid of the West:*

Ile sell my self: and if my wealth  
Will not amount so much, Ile leave my self in hostage.

*Farar.* 'Tis the part  
Of a most noble friend.

*Mant.* And in these times worthy admiration

*Flor.* I wonder not the Moors so grac'd this nation,  
If all the English equall their vertues.  
For this brave Stranger so indear'd to thee,  
Passe to thy countrey ransomlesse and free.

*All Royall* in all things is the duke of *Florence.*

*Ioff.* Such honour is not found in Barbarie.  
The vertue in these Christians hath converted me,  
Which to the world I can no longer smother,  
Accept me then a Christian and a brother.

*Flor.* Princes,  
These unexpected novelties,  
Shall ad unto the high solemnity  
Of your best welcome. Worthy Englishman,  
And you, the mirrour of your sex and nation,  
Fair English *Elizabeth*, as well for vertue  
As admired beautie, wee'll give you cause, ere  
You depart our Court, to say great *Fesse*  
Was either poor, or else not bountifull.  
Bashaw, wee'll honour your conversion,  
With all due rites. But for you beaureous Lady,  
Thus much in your behalf we do proclaim,  
*The fairest Maid nere pattern'd in her life,*  
*So fair a Virgin, and so chaste a wife.*

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## Epilogue.

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## Epilogue.

**S**TILL the more glorious that the Creatures be,  
They in their native goodness are more free  
To things below them: as the Sun we finde,  
Vnpartially to shine on all mankinde,  
Denying light to none. And you we may  
(Great King) most justly call our Light, our Day:  
Whose glorious course may never be quite run,  
While earth hath Soveraigne, or the heavē a Sun.

**FINIS.**



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